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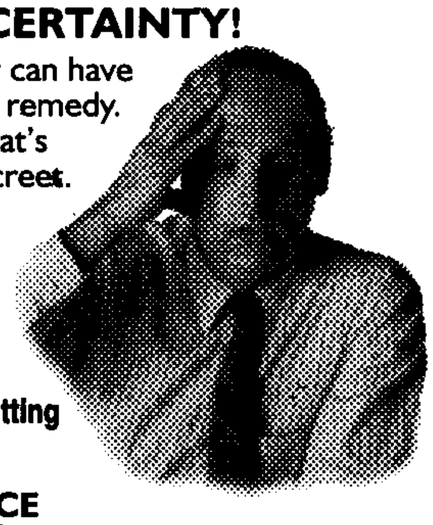

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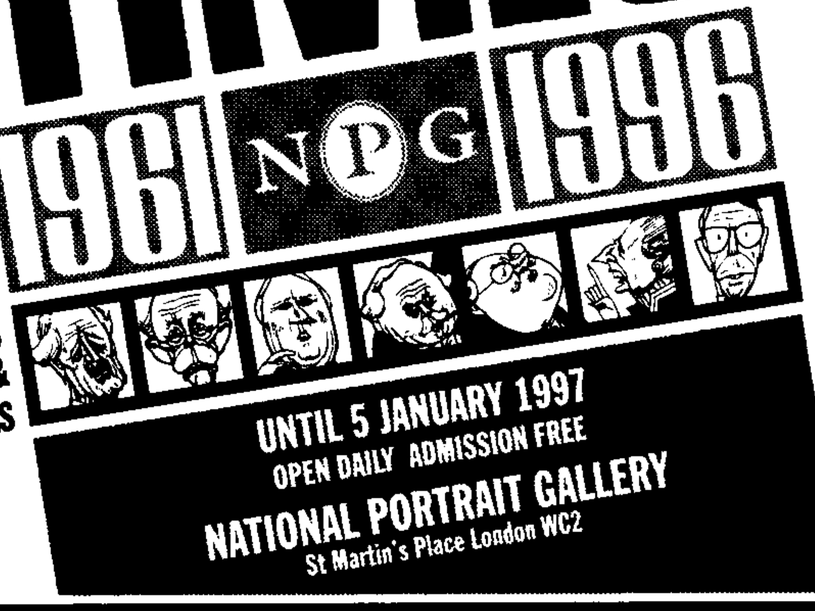

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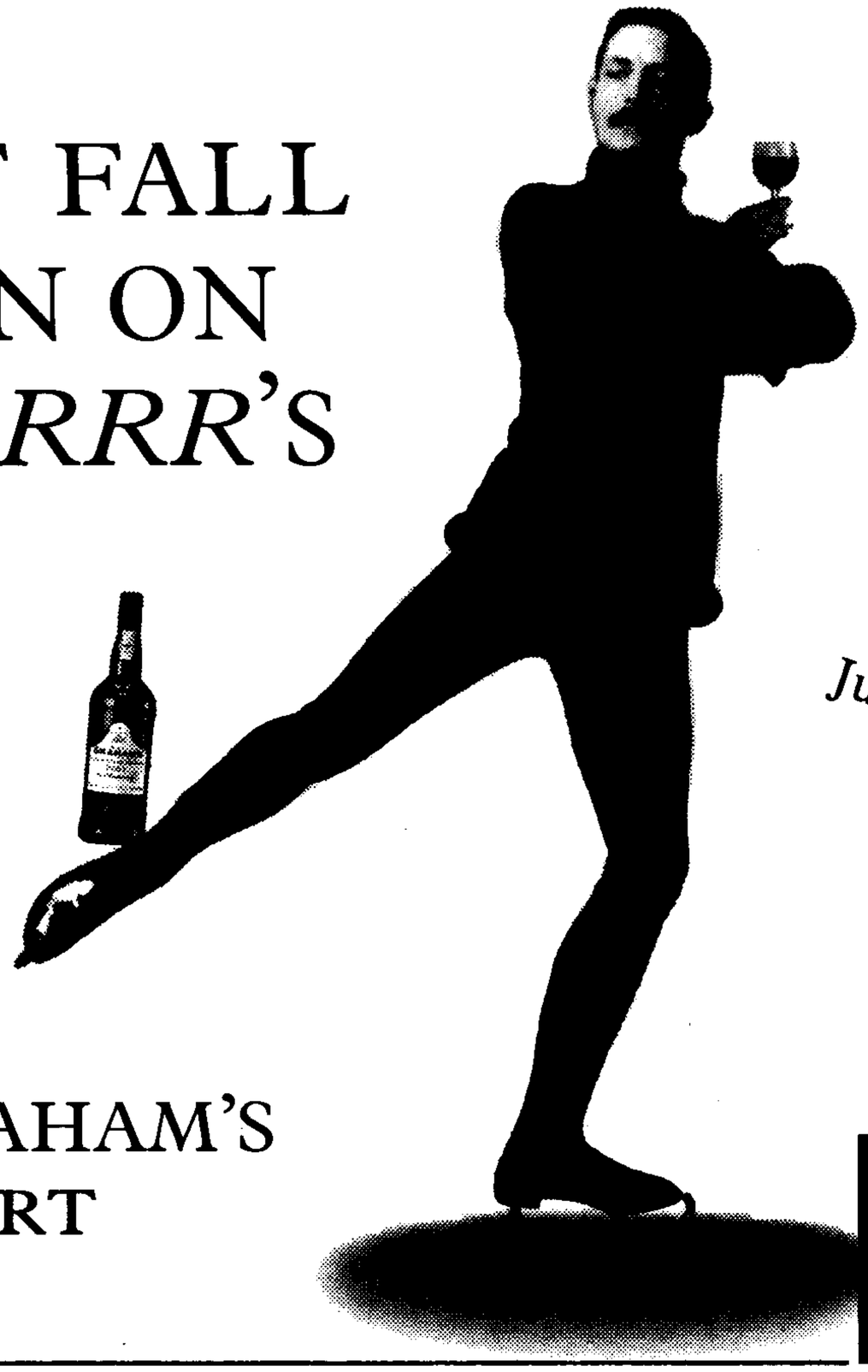

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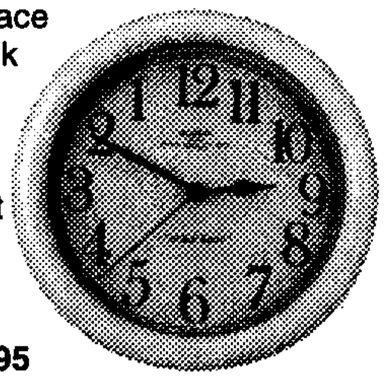

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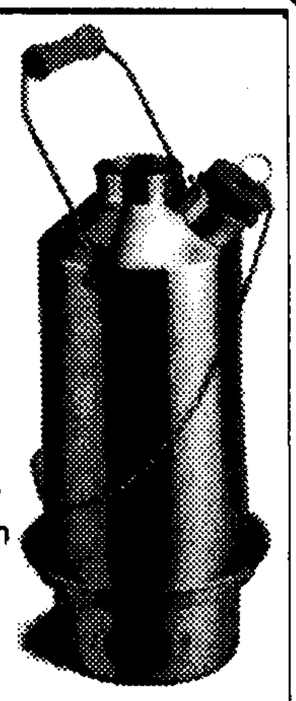

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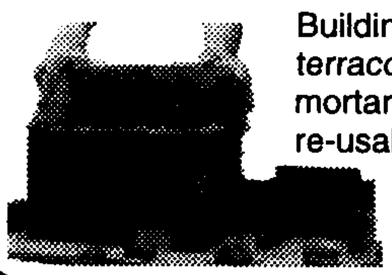

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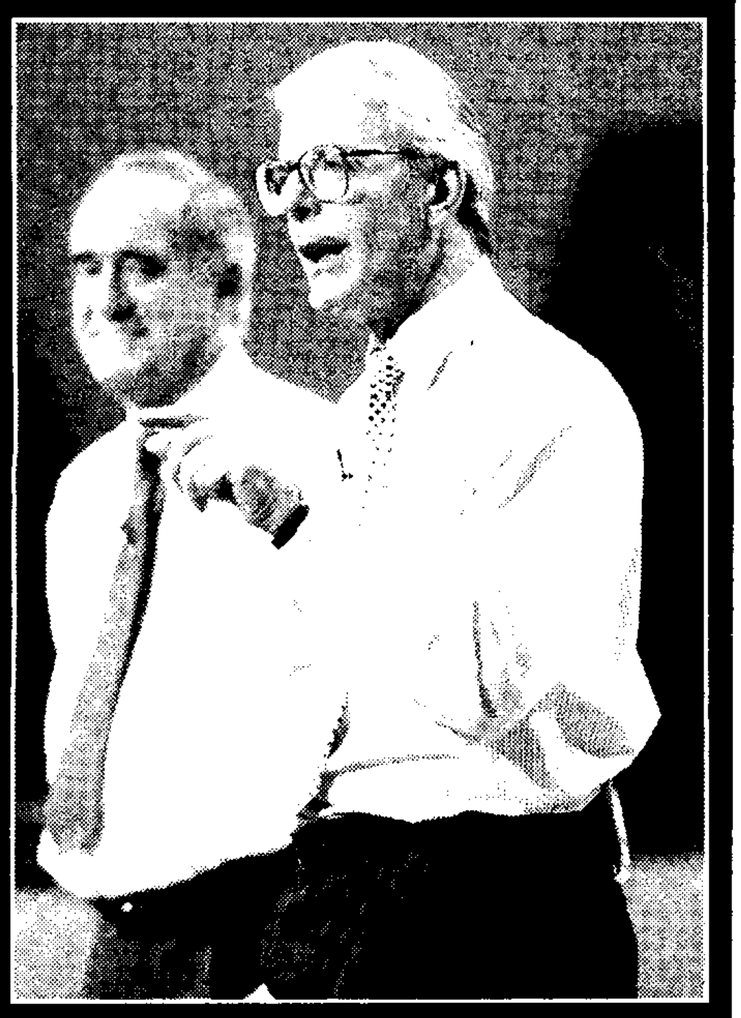

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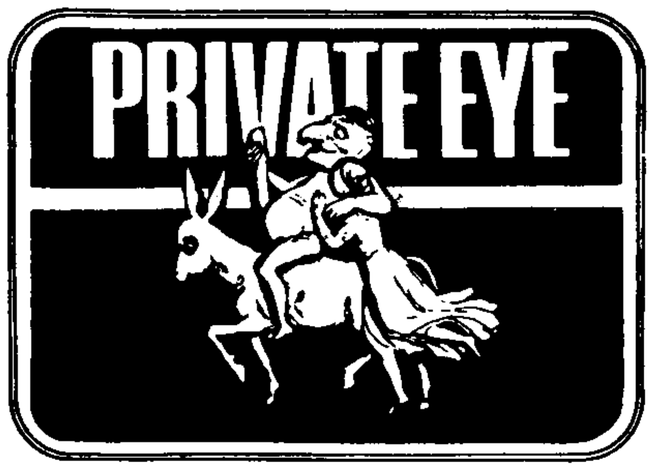

COLOUR SECTION

NO ONE has asked, let alone answered, the most important question in the whole Hamilton-*Guardian* story: what precisely was the "conflict of interest" which sent the plaintiffs' lawyers, barristers Richard Ferguson and Victoria Sharp and solicitors Peter Carter-Fuck and Partners, scurrying to their professional organisations, the Bar Council and the Law Society, whining about a possible conflict of interest only five days before the celebrated libel trial was due to start?

Could it have been that Hamilton ordered them not to disclose something they thought they ought to disclose under the discovery orders? Was it possible that the professional organisations advised them that, yes, they definitely should disclose — or opt out of the case? And was this the reason Hamilton and Greer were left up the creek without a lawyer when the case was due to start?

If so, a sad consequence is that papers sent to parliamentary standards commissioner Sir Gordon Downey only include what *was* disclosed on discovery. If he wants to understand the overall picture, perhaps Sir Gordon should demand *all* the papers connecting Hamilton to Greer or Greer clients — and not just before Hamilton became a minister, but afterwards as well.

THE delay in curing the glitch in the Inland Revenue's computer system that has overcharged more than a million of Britain's poorest taxpayers has been blamed on the pressure of work endured by staff at the private computer firm EDS who have been busy getting the jobseekers' allowance up and running.

The allowance relies on a computerised payment system designed by the government's Information Technology Services Agency (ITSA) but run by EDS, the American firm renowned for its work on the disastrous Child Support Agency computer system.With more than 22,000 desktop PCs in 1,550 job centres, it will require the UK's largest public service IT system.

Work started in 1994, but by May 1995 development of the software was six months behind schedule, forcing the government to delay introduction of the new benefit. It was not until August 1996 that EDS told ministers the system was ready to go. During pilot runs in September the job seekers' computer proved unable to handle 20,000 new claims and 10,000 claimants were left without any money — a bad start for a system designed to process 76,000 new claims each week. Peter Sharkey, director of ITSA, dismissed the problems as "a few glitches" and the system went live on 7 October.

Once it is working properly, the government can free up resources and try to fix the balls-up in the Inland Revenue system that has overcharged a million people. No doubt it will turn to the Inland Revenue's private computer contractor...EDS.

THE Midland Bank has made a gigantic fool of itself by complaining about an advertisement for its competitor, the Co-Op bank.

Earlier this year Co-Op bank published an ad carrying a big picture of a land-mine. It alleged that "between 1981 and 1990 certain banks used hundreds of millions of pounds of their customers' money to finance the supply of arms to Iran and Iraq". Quick as a flash the Midland complained to the Advertising Standards Authority that the ad implied that the four major clearing banks, including Midland, were engaged in financing land-mines and other weapons.

Stunned, the Co-Op replied in detail with voluminous quotes from the Scott report and other publications to prove the facts, which are very well known to *Eye* readers, that i) the Midland led the field in financing "defence exports" during the 1980s; and ii) more than one company which exported weapons to Iraq were financed by the Midland.

Despite the overwhelming evidence that Midland was up to its neck in this trade, the ASA sent out a draft recommendation in April — to *uphold* the Midland's complaint. This caused another storm at the Co-Op, which wrote at even greater length complaining bitterly that its advertisement was perfectly justifiable. The key new document submitted was a Midland mortgage on the entire assets of Allivane — a company which according to the Scott Report "was suspected of supplying munitions to both Iran and Iraq through various diverter countries. The evidence which I have seen suggests that these suspicions were well-founded."

Concrete evidence was provided to prove a sale of artillery fuses worth £50.8m from Allivane to Iraq. That did the trick and the ASA finally threw in the towel and accepted the advertisement.

THE quashing of the manslaughter conviction against former army information officer Colin Wallace will come as no surprise to *Eye* readers, who have been reading about the case since issue 684 — 4 March 1988!

In all the *Eye* has published 34 items about the Wallace affair, exposing his frame-up by MI5 when he refused to take part in its black propaganda against the Labour government of the mid-1970s, and his later frame-up by Sussex police and the crown prosecution service (CPS) in the manslaughter case.

By the time the prosecution came to the court of appeal it had abandoned almost every detail of the intricate case it put at Lewes crown court in 1981. There was no blood from the dead man, Jonathan Lewis, in Wallace's car boot, as had been alleged at trial. So the body of the dead man had never been in the boot, as repeatedly alleged. Lewis had not been killed at Wallace's home, as originally pretended. He had not been unconscious for several hours, as was argued at the trial. And the formerly discredited witness who saw Lewis in a pub with another man on the evening of his death had probably been telling the truth.

Instead of apologising for the false conviction and the six-year prison sentence which flowed from all this nonsense, prosecution barrister Ann Curnow insisted Wallace was still guilty, and, when her case was trampled on by the judges, she demanded a retrial. The best way to find out what really happened to Jonathan Lewis, she submitted, was to try Wallace again. This was rejected by the judges, and Wallace will not be tried again.

Will the Sussex police now sulk and do nothing, as police forces usually do when their convictions are quashed? Or will they at least try to find out who attacked Jonathan Lewis? They could start by properly investigating some of the many statements they had at the time incriminating an unscrupulous gang of Brighton antique dealers and smugglers who, it was suggested at the time, had been harassing Lewis before his death. One solicitor told police that a client of his had told him Lewis had been "done" by "the Brighton gang".

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Street of Shame

HOAXWATCH

WHO was the mystery man who gave the great Di hoax videotape to hapless Stuart Higgins, editor of the *Sun*?

Step forward veteran *Daily Mail* features hack Brian "Smoothie" Vine, coyly referred to in a weasly *Observer* account of the scam as "a man with an impressive pedigree" who called Higgins saying he had "some material" that would blow his mind. Higgins duly met Vine at the posh Turf Club in Carlton House Terrace, where a deal took shape over orange juice (for Higgy) and fine champagne (for Vine — already celebrating, presumably).

But why did Vine, a close friend of Sir David English, not give the tape to *Mail* editor Paul Dacre? It would be disgraceful to suggest that he took it to the *Sun* just for a share of the six-figure banker's draft eventually shelled out by the Murdoch rag. Vine acted loyally at all times. How so? He knew that Dacre, with an eye on future honours lists, would never run such a sleazy royal tale first, preferring instead to follow up the grubbier tabloid's exclusive, while leaving room to sneer at the *Sun*'s "lurid" coverage if the hoax was exposed.

The *Mail* and the *Sun*, in fact, have a long-standing arrangement whereby stories are brokered between the two titles via the Solo features syndication agency. This was, presumably, how the *Mail* managed to have a full set of pictures from the tape before any of its other rivals.

The tape in Vine's possession was only one of many distributed by Nick Hedges, who filmed the Hewitt and Diana lookalikes romping in a Wandsworth sitting room. Other copies had been circulated to less gullible hacks, hence the conflicting accounts last week of cohorts of mysterious middlemen, MI5 involvement and SAS men lurking in the bushes.

One tape took a circuitous route from Hedges into the shaky hands of sinister, red-faced antipodean hack Paul Halloran.

Halloran turned up for a meeting with the hoaxers in such an emotional state he was unable to operate the video recorder. To his credit, when he eventually viewed the tape, he declared it to be a hoax — and not just because he could see two Hewitts and two Dianas at the time.

The route that Vine's tape travelled is even less clear, but there can be no doubt, surely, that the "impressively-pedigreed" Brian Vine thought it was genuine all along.

***SUN* editor Stuart Higgins' grovelling apology on Wednesday after the discovery that its royal sex, lies and videotape sensation was actually a cruel hoax produced a bumper portion of Fleet Street humbug.**

THE SUN

The *Sun* splashed its story together with an "Expert View of the Evidence" (8 Oct). Higgins wheeled in a "military expert", billed improbably as "Colonel X". "X" had "trained terrorist surveillance teams in Northern Ireland", although obviously not on how to recognise famous faces. He was sure the video "could have been shot by a soldier". "Intelligence" of this sort helps explain why so many innocent people have been jailed for terrorist offences over the years.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

The *Daily Telegraph* ran its version of the *Sun*'s story on page one. "Princess and Hewitt shown on spy video" (8 Oct) — no quotation marks or inverted commas in the headline — just a factual statement. The *Telegraph* too was keen to stress the public interest defence. Once the hoax was discovered, the paper launched an assault on the *Sun* in a leader column: "Doesn't the *Sun* blush at its hypocritical pomposity in accusing the Secret Services of making the film, now that it knows that it was made by a bunch of actors?" (9 Oct).

THE DAILY MAIL

On 8 October, although careful to slip the phrase "a hoax cannot be ruled out" into its copy, the *Mail* seemed pretty sure the video was genuine — sure enough to run seven stills from it under the strap: "Who secretly filmed Princess in romantic high jinks at Highgrove?" (8 Oct). Wrong person, wrong place.

Richard Kay, the *Mail*'s royal correspondent, seemed sure enough about the tape's authenticity: "Apart from the invasion of the Princess's privacy, it appears to confirm claims she made in her Panorama interview that she was routinely spied on during her marriage," he said, unable to spot the use of a lookalike in spite of his several car-park rendezvous with the real Princess over the years.

"I thought the massive boobs were on Page 3..."

The next day the hoax is revealed. "Richard Kay discloses the inside story behind the video that wasn't", (9 Oct). "The 'world exclusive' Diana spy video was exposed last night" — but not by Kay it wasn't. Still, the *Mail* sneered at the way Higgins had used the video stills, "paraded by the *Sun* over five lurid pages". Owing to lack of space, there was no room to add that the *Mail* itself had run seven of them itself in a lurid imitation of the *Sun*. Instead vast amounts of space were devoted to the "reasons why the cavorting couple couldn't be either the Princess or Hewitt" (no Rolex on Hewitt's wrist; Diana too fat for a bulimia sufferer; Diana not in possession of a sports bra at time the video was taken, etc, etc) — all of which were missed by the *Mail*'s "brilliant" royal reporters.

THE DAILY EXPRESS

The *Daily Express* was also duped. It ran the *Sun*'s story under the very sure-sounding headline: "Diana Rocked By Spy Video" (8 Oct) again dispensing with quotation marks or inverted commas.

The hapless royal correspondent — Robert Jobson — and by association his editor Richard "the Monk" Addis — got surer: "The couple were secretly filmed cavorting, with Diana dressed in her sports pants and bra" (8 Oct). In fact Jobson used the latest video to give credence to an earlier fantastical story about a royal marine who had apparently filmed Diana making love in Hewitt's garden. With the hoax finally revealed was there an apology from the *Daily Express*? Er, no.

THE DAILY MIRROR

And what of the *Daily Mirror*? Well, it too ran the *Sun*'s story: "Heartbroken Princess Di is furious at the *Sun* for exposing a spy video showing her cavorting half naked with ex-lover James Hewitt," it confidently announced on 8 October. Mirror Group boss David "Rommel" Montgomery has strong views about newspapers "exposing" such frolicking. After all, he has threatened cruel hacks bent on probing his own personal affairs with legal action.

The *Mirror* was actually more convinced than either the *Mail* or the *Express* that the film was "shot through a window at Highgrove". It even got in touch with Diana's lawyer Anthony Julius to show how ahead of the game it was: "Mr Julius said: 'I knew nothing about it until you brought it to my attention' " (8 Oct).

Did the *Mirror* have any regrets once the fake had been spotted? Er, no. Instead, seven pages of coverage were given over to *Sun*-bashing. The *Mirror* leader from 9 October attacked the *Sun* for pretending there was a national security angle to justify publication. Strangely this was precisely the same excuse made by the *Mirror* when it ran its own charming selection of pictures of Di in her gym-kit a while back.

The most spectacular humbug, however, was saved for the following day when Lord Wakeham's warning letter to the *Times* was published. A *Mirror* leader said: "There's a danger that the disgraceful behaviour of the *Sun* will tarnish the press in general. Nothing could be more unfair. While the *Sun* was peddling that fake video about Princess Diana and James Hewitt, the *Mirror* was championing the cause of a little girl who was fighting for her life." Nothing indeed could be more unfair.

Restrictions on space, however, meant the *Mirror* was unable to remind readers of its own "disgraceful behaviour" in the past. No mention, for example, of the *Mirror*'s serialisation of Madame Vasso's revolting memoirs about Fergie which boosted sales by around 100,000; no mention of Darius Guppy's claim that the *Daily Mirror* reneged on a £75,000 deal for his story; no mention of the uplifting "Achtung! Surrender" (25 June) front page that brought 65 complaints to the press complaints commission (PCC); no mention of the complaint made by Diana and Fergie after the *Mirror* published "extremely intrusive" photographs of them on holiday (21 July).

There was no mention either of the most recent successful hoaxing of the *Daily Mirror*, when a travel agent faking airline tickets convinced the *Mirror* that Alan Shearer was about to sign up for Manchester United.

OBN SPECIAL

WHEN Steve Sutherland, the "groovy" 40-year-old who edits *NME* and *Vox*, wrote about Noel Gallagher of Oasis last week, staff on both rags were so revolted that they demanded that Sutherland spike his own copy — which, amazingly, he did.

As a service to readers, however, the *Eye* is willing to reproduce these extracts from Sutherland's masterpiece:

NOEL Gallagher is King Of The World. There have been Kings before. Paul Weller was King Of Mod. Morrissey was King Of Indie. Johnny Rotten was King Of Punk. But Noel Gallagher... Noel Gallagher is King Of The World. And we should take our hats off to him because, be of no doubt, that's one fuck of a great place to be.

Others have affected the way we dress, the way we look, who we fancy, what some of us listen to. But Noel Gallagher is King Of The World. Which means, quite frankly, that virtually nothing that counts happens anywhere in Britain right now that he hasn't influenced or touched, hasn't blessed...

The King Of The World defines his own time. The King Of The World is untouchable. Noel Gallagher knows this. He has known it since the day he took over his brother's band, wrote all the songs, laid down all the rules and redirected an outfit going nowhere towards the stratosphere... The King Of The World declares himself a genius, compares himself with bygone Kings, equates talent with success and takes as many fucking drugs as he wants. Got that?... (Cont. p.94)

STREET *(contd)*

THE destruction of the *Sunday Express* and the creation of the new seven-day operation has left Richard Addis, editor-in-chief, in emotional and administrative disarray.

Among the 70 hacks he sacked was Max Davidson, an assistant editor with 35 years' service. On the Tuesday after he was dismissed, he received a phone call from Addis. "Why aren't you at work?" said the editor.

"Because you've just fired me," replied Davidson. "I've got a letter signed by you."

"Have you?" replied on-the-ball Addis.

Next, the paper was forced to make a grovelling apology for its "exclusive" which claimed Prince William was smitten with 17-year-old Lady Lucy Gordon. Buckingham Palace and Lady Lucy swiftly denied the story and ordered corrections and an apology.

The story was written by Joe Saumarez Smith, saved from the mass sackings by the new associate editor, Richard Ellis. "Extremely accurate and reliable," was Ellis's assessment of Saumarez Smith, who was promptly promoted to education correspondent.

PS: When his "scoop" was read at the *Daily Mail*, editor Paul Dacre became very keen to get Saumarez Smith on board. Ian Birrel, the *Mail*'s number three, then boasted: "Joe is my protégé. I taught him everything he knows. I'll get him." By lunchtime the hack was signed up — only to be dumped when the "scoop" turned out to be a dud.

OLD LABOUR NEWS

DESPITE the blandness of the Labour party conference, vigorous socialist debate was alive and well in south London last month during a branch meeting of Arthur Scargill's Socialist Labour Party.

The comrades agreed that because of a booming local membership the branch executive committee should be extended to include more members. A debate had just begun about how to do this — by coopting new members or holding elections at an agm — when chairman Tony Goss announced that according to his agenda timetable there were only two minutes left for debate.

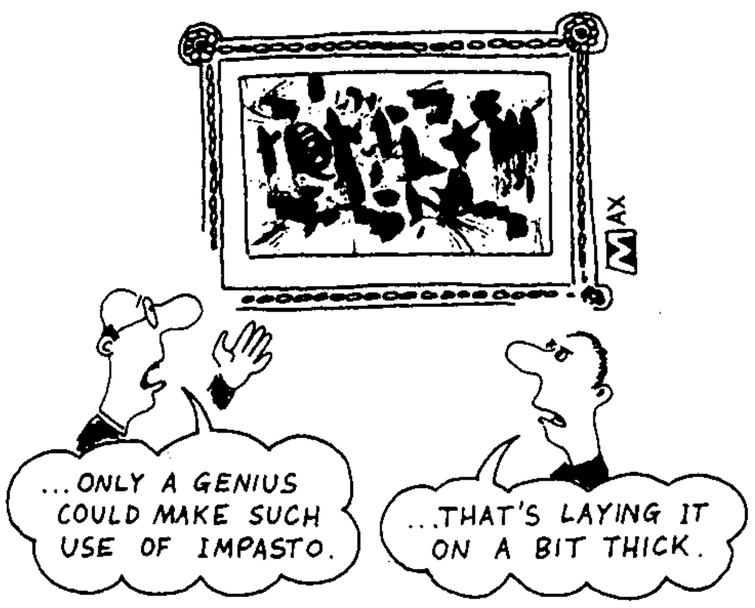
What happened next is recorded in a report to the SLP's national executive from three members present.

"A comrade asked the Chair if the debate could be extended as it was obviously of great interest to members. The Chair replied that he had made a ruling that there be no further debate over and above the allotted time.

"Comrade Adrian challenged the Chair's ruling. This was seconded by Comrade Driver. A vote was taken and the necessary two-thirds majority was achieved to reject the Chair's ruling.

"The Chair then proceeded to loudly and aggressively abuse and swear at those present. In an effort to restore calm it was pointed out to the Chair that this was not a vote of confidence in him, but merely a rejection of his ruling. He was asked to remain in the Chair, but declined and left the meeting room again loudly abusing and swearing..."

This of course is the same Tony "Fuck off you shits" Goss whose adventures as a Southwark Labour councillor were chronicled in the *Eye* in the 1980s (see 659, 662, 669 and 691). He was expelled from the party in 1988 after allegations of violence and intimidation against other party members and after a scandal over his occupation of a council flat he wasn't entitled to.



HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! *SIR Nicholas Scott, the fine, upstanding Tory MP for Chelsea (when he is not falling down), was being a little economical with the actualité when he said he'd only had a couple of glasses of wine at the Irish embassy party in Bournemouth... after which he was found by the police in the gutter.*

In fact, the Marquesa was with Sir Nicholas at the Irish hooley at the Solent restaurant and he was knocking back a fair whack of Jameson whiskies. Indeed, when the barman tried to close the bar grill at the end of the party, one guest was heard to cry: "But Sir Nicholas would like another Jameson's!"

HALLO! THE prime minister can be ruthless, oh yes — especially with his family. At midnight recently, just as he and Norma were pulling on their jammies, the bell at Number Ten was rung by John's older brother, author and columnist Terry Major-Ball.

Terry reported the incident in his *Daily Mail* column as a quiet family chat over his daughter's wedding photos. What Terry did not mention was that John and Norma insisted on coming downstairs where they sat for a cold half-hour thumbing through the jolly snaps of Sutton register office. But, confides John, if they invited the garrulous Terry up to their cosy den, they'd never get rid of him!

Noticing Terry was on the merry side, John eventually asked where he had been. "Oh, the Ritz, the Caprice," replied Terry, airily. "Then Stringfellows." John was frightfully jealous. Terry, a retired electricity board salesman, is having far more fun than the prime minister, and all at the expense of Lord Rothermere!

HALLO! POOR Commander Richard Aylard, sacked as Prince Charles's private secretary. Though allowed to remain until February, Aylard has lost everything: job, wife, house (a magnificent grace and favour cottage at Kensington Palace). Even his children's school fees are paid by Brian's office. He has no other job in sight.

Some palace flunkeys have even whispered outrageous suggestions that the reason for his departure is the number of royal scoops that have been appearing in the *Sun*. This is most unlikely as the main suspect for the mole is none other than Camilla!

HALLO! *POOR old Paddy Ashdown got egg on his face when he tried to show off his computer literacy during the Liberal Democrat conference.*

Paddy — on whose laptop the Marquesa would sit any day — praised Britain's record for information technology and illustrated our ingenuity by waving around his own electronic organiser, a Hewlett-Packard.

FACT: Hewlett-Packard is a US firm and arch rival to the UK's own Psion organisers.

HALLO! TO THE opening of Fashion Café, the clever idea of those clever girls Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer and Elle McPherson.

The VIP lounge is crowded, which is alarming as the fire regulations state that no more than 200 should be allowed in. So when the lovely Naomi finally arrives she is distressed to be told by the oafish security man that no one else was being allowed entry. "Don't you know who I am?" gasped the stunned super-model. Er, no he didn't.

Heavens, what can one do in the face of such ignorance?

HALLO! *DISTINGUISHED millionaire publisher John Blake certainly knows how to get his writers publicity. When his "author" Madame Vasso went on Clive Anderson's TV show last week to discuss her book about La Freebiana, the audience were invited to ask the Greek "psychic" questions, the first of which was: "How will you feel if the Duchess commits suicide as a result of your book?" Who was this mystery gent in a cravat? Step forward Mr William Hall, a John Blake author! Asked later to predict the future of Clive's new show Madame Vasso said that it would be "a beeg heet". Poor old Clive !*

HALLO! HOW amusing that the lovely Anna Pasternak, acclaimed author of *Princess in Love*, should have used the sobriquet of Sophia Wells for her interview with Madame Vasso in the Style section of the *Sunday Times*. Could this possibly have anything to do with the fact she is currently suing the *Daily Mail* and her claim that she never exploited the princess's misery?

HALLO! *PAULA YATES's former PR Gerry Agar (who alleges she saw Paula buy something or other from someone called Steve Strange), has moved out of her home upon Inspector Knacker's advice. This follows death threats from a man with a posh voice and a speech impediment. Unless Agar withdrew her evidence to the police, the terrified PR was informed, an accident would befall her. And all over a packet of Smarties!*

HALLO! MILLIONAIRE businessman David Tang's China Club opened with a marvellous party to which Tang kindly invited the beleaguered Duchess of Fergiana.

Curiously, the normally sombre *Daily Telegraph* carried acres of copy about this frivolous affair, including a large feature on the front of its Weekend section. This could surely have had nothing to do with the presence of one Charles Moore at the bash, the *Telegraph*'s worthy editor. Equally curiously, his name did not crop up in any of the column-inches his organ devoted to the proceedings — but the Marquesa is sure Mr Tang was still very grateful for the free publicity.

The Torygraph mentioned that bets were laid at the China Club on which lucky filly would tempt the bronzed actor Kevin Costner back to her hotel suite. But the correspondent forgot to add that there was rivalry between Fergiana and Miss Annabel Heseltine for this privilege.

At one stage darling Fergie was seen surreptitiously hitching her mini-skirt a few inches higher to match Annabel's exposed limbs. Alas, the Marquesa can report that the duchess was once again unlucky in love. The last time the screen star was spotted he was ensconced at a dinner table for two in the early hours of the morning with Ms Heseltine.

'The Marquesa'

IN THE (BOURNEMOUTH) TEAROOM

IT would be a bit odd, let's face it, if Douglas Hogg suddenly popped up to announce that cattle infected with BSE were much more sensibly behaved than ordinary cows and that their meat was tastier to eat. Yet last week's Tory party conference in Bournemouth saw a reversal of an even more extreme kind.

Time was when the prime minister and his spin doctors diagnosed acute euro-scepticism as a debilitating condition for which the prognosis was poor. Sir Richard Body was in need of "men in white coats" to restrain him; John Redwood's supporters, lined up behind their leadership hopeful at his first press conference, looked like "ward 8 at Broadmoor"; Teresa Gorman was an object lesson in the dangers of overdosing on hormone replacement therapy.

Then came Dr Mawhinney's second opinion. According to the pollsters, no one in his right mind is prepared to vote to reelect this government on its record. So the only way to win next May is to whip the electorate into a lunatic frenzy over European integration. Thus ten milligrammes of potent rhetoric

Meanwhile, one of the few Conservatives to have kept all his marbles, the chancellor's political adviser Anthony Teasdale, is being chased through the corridors of the asylum by a deranged mob who want him sacked. He is blamed for some of chancellor Kenneth Clarke's recent ambiguities over the single currency and for writing a good speech that won his boss the best ovation of the conference. Teasdale also wrote Geoffrey Howe's devastating resignation speech, for which the mad woman in the Tory attic has never forgiven him.

'Urquhart'

Sleaze Special

1. WHY HAMILTON RESIGNED

WHEN the *Guardian* alleged (20 October 1994) that Mohamed Fayed had given fat envelopes to Neil Hamilton, the MP, then corporate affairs minister at the board of trade, denied it flat. When Michael Heseltine, his secretary of state, asked him directly if he had a financial relationship with Ian Greer, Hamilton said no.

In the days that followed these denials, information poured into Hezza's office about Hamilton's activities in parliament on behalf of his paymaster, Mobil Oil, and about his directorship from January 1990 of a speculative company called Plateau Mining.

Hamilton was director for only a few months — he resigned when he became a government whip later in 1990. The company, which had rather ambitious plans to mine for gold and jewels chiefly in South America, collapsed in 1992. It was forced to sell off all its assets at a loss of £11 million. Plateau Mining had been closely connected with the Robertson Group, another creditor of which was the Butte Mining Company. In 1994, Butte was being investigated by the department of trade (the investigation eventually resulted in a number of charges *still* pending against Butte directors). When this information was absorbed by Hezza, he told Hamilton he could hardly stay on as a minister in a department which was investigating the affairs of his former company.

Reference was also made to Hamilton's attendance (and sumptuous lunch) at the agm of Plateau Mining while he was a minister, and his recommendation of Colin Bird, a Plateau Mining director, as just the man to chair the new Coal Authority. Hamilton resigned, suddenly pretending

that he had to do so in order to sue the *Guardian* (though for several days before his resignation he'd sworn he'd sue and not resign). Over the last two years, senior ministers have known that their former colleague Hamilton was knee deep in sleaze. This did not stop them supporting him to the hilt in his successful efforts to change the law so that he could sue the *Guardian* for the terrible damage to his reputation.

2. CARTER-FUCK'S HELPFUL ADVICE

Hamilton was joined in his action by Ian Greer, and the two men consulted Peter Carter-Fuck and Partners, the famous libel lawyers. On Carter-Fuck's advice, Greer sued for £10 million loss of business. This allowed the *Guardian* to demand discovery of all documents relating to his lobbying activities in the British parliament. If Greer had been less greedy and had sued on the specific allegation about money from Fayed, the stench from the Augean stables which he so carefully constructed in the House of Commons would never have been disclosed, and the libel action might have gone ahead. Some of the results of this error have already reached the public: the payments to the constituencies of 21 Tory, two Labour and one Liberal Democrat MPs; and the disclosures in the *Observer* of 13 October, astonishingly banished to a minor article on page two, that Hamilton, while a minister, was performing favours for the Prudential, for the "big eight" accountancy firms, for the tax-avoiding, Bermuda-based ADT company, for Trafalgar House and for Blue Arrow, all of which had paid substantial sums to Ian Greer Associates. There is a great deal more to come in disclosures which will make the "cash for questions" scandal which gave rise to the Nolan commission on standards in public life dwindle into insignificance.

3. SOME MPs WHO ARE WETTING THEIR PANTS

GERALD MALONE, MINISTER OF HEALTH. He was introduced by Ian Greer to Mohamed Fayed when Malone was parliamentary private secretary to the secretary of state for trade and industry, Leon Brittan, in 1985. Malone went to see Fayed and sympathised with his anxiety about the "vendetta" being waged against him by Tiny Rowland of Lonrho, who owned the *Observer*. Malone promised to do what he could to stop Fayed's successful bid for the House of Fraser being referred to the monopolies commission, and passed on advice through Ian Greer. One piece of useful advice was that Fayed should write in protest at Rowland's behaviour to the independent editors of the *Observer*. This advice was cut short by the Westland crisis in January 1986, after which Brittan resigned. Malone became a whip. Greer did not forget his help. In 1987 Malone's constituency party got a handsome £1,000 donation from Greer. Malone has since suggested that he didn't even acknowledge this donation, which is surprising in view of his grovelling letter of thanks to the Phoney Pharaoh, ending with the affectionate (but slightly exaggerated) greeting: "Yours aye".

LADY OLGA MAITLAND, Sutton and Cheam. At the end of 1991 the government of Serbia gave £90,000 to Ian Greer Associates to lobby in the British parliament against the possibility of British sanctions on Serbia. This money was split 50/50 with John Kennedy, now a Tory candidate.

At that time Lady Olga Maitland was the prospective Tory candidate for the safe seat of Sutton and Cheam. Greer gave her a £50 lunch at Wiltons and slipped her £1,000 in gratitude, he explained, for her help in his getting £20,000 owed him by the Kuwaiti government. Not much later (and before Olga was elected) he gave her another £2,000 to help him with the case for Serbia (Lady Olga's mother is Serbian). In April 1992, Lady Olga was elected. In October that same year, Greer wrote to her at the House of Commons asking her for an invoice for the £3,000 (which she promptly sent off, on House of Commons paper).

At the same time she started asking questions in parliament on behalf of another Greer client, the Royal Marsden Hospital. A moving correspondence between three old friends — Lady Olga, Ian Greer and the chairman of the Marsden, Sir Marmaduke "Dukie" Hussey, then also chairman of the BBC governors — made it absolutely clear that there was no connection whatever between Greer payments to Lady Olga before she became an MP and her questions on behalf of his client afterwards.

In June 1994, Olga's husband, a barrister and recorder called Ian Hay, got £3,000 from Greer "re Kuwait". Apparently this was for work done on behalf of Kuwaiti prisoners, though Greer does not appear to have had any Kuwaiti client at the time. At the Tory Party conference, Lady Olga, a former journalist, got very cross with any journalist who asked her about any of these matters. Approached at one stage by the notoriously mild David Hencke of the *Guardian*, she shrieked: "Protect me from this man!"

ANDREW BOWDEN, Brighton Kemptown. When Bowden agreed to help Greer in 1986, the lobbyist rejoiced: "At last we have a campaigner!" He wrote to ministers on Fayed's behalf and asked pointed Commons questions about a former Scotland Yard detective, Dick Etheridge, who was on Tiny Rowland's staff. Bowden's constituency party got £5,000 from Greer in 1987.

SIR GRAHAM BRIGHT, Luton South. Soon after Central TV's *Roger Cook* programme about Greer and his influence in parliament was crudely censored by government supporters in high office at Central TV and its owners, Carlton TV, in 1994, John Major's loyal and long-standing parliamentary private secretary, Graham Bright, MP for Luton South, was sacked with the usual knighthood.

In the programme Bright was mentioned on several occasions as Greer's chief conduit to the prime minister. It was said that Bright fixed up meetings between Greer and Major, including that vital lunch at the Berkeley Hotel which, because of Major's presence, rescued Greer's account with Coca Cola, Europe. Greer's divisional director Jeremy Sweeney, a keen Tory, acted as unpaid "aide" to Bright in the 1992 general election and has kept close to the MP ever since. Bright runs a couple of small food companies which are connected to and assisted by an international organisation connected with the food industry, called — ho ho — the International Sweeteners Association. Bright also gets £10,000 a year as a consultant to Safeways Stores, whose owner, the Argyll group, is a Greer client.

TIM SMITH (Beaconsfield). Smith owned up and resigned as a minister over his payment by Fayed and has been left in peace as an MP ever since. So no one has asked him about other payments he may or may not have received from Greer, especially on behalf of the "big eight" accountancy firms.

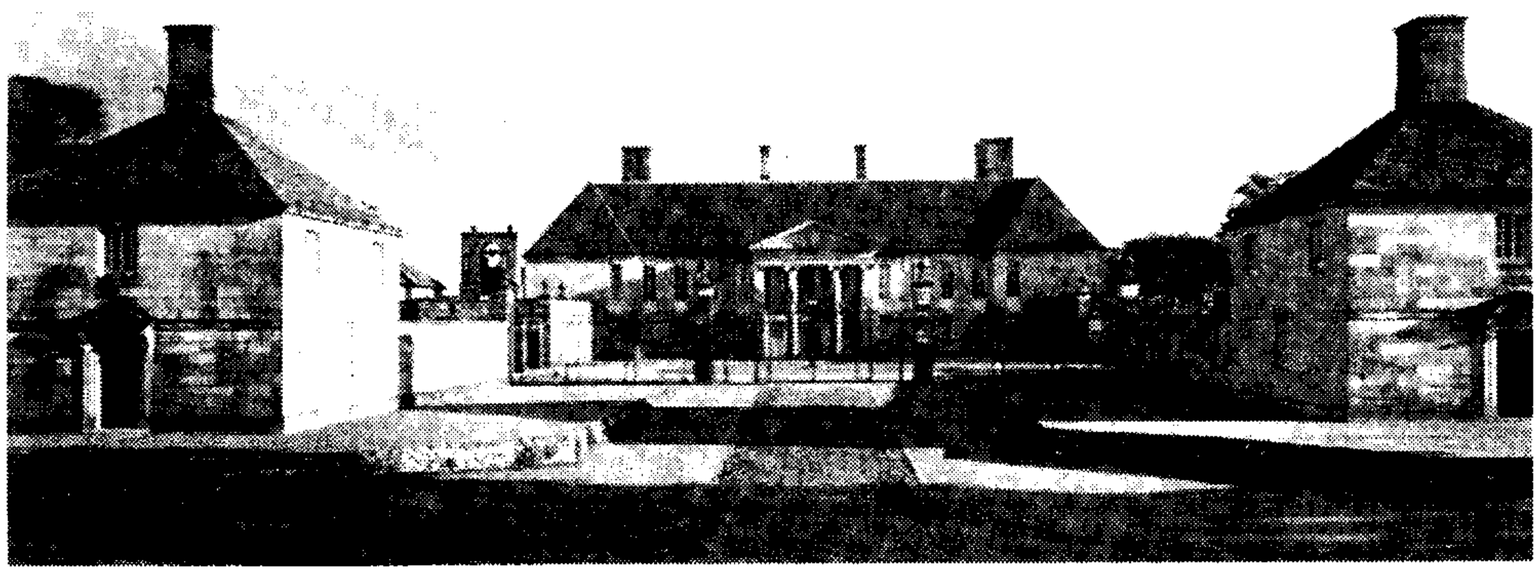
Smith was retained for many years by Price Waterhouse and asked many questions on its behalf. Smith was very anxious not to be named in the libel action against the *Guardian*. He wrote an anxious letter to the lord chief justice insisting that although Hamilton had waived his parliamentary privilege to allow him to sue, he, Smith had not done so, and any reference to him in the court proceedings, or even in the pleadings, would be in contempt of parliament. Before this awkward matter could be resolved, the libel case was dropped.

NOOKS and CORNERS

AREN'T we lucky? We have our historic building legislation, established in the 1940s to list and, hopefully, protect buildings of architectural and/or historical importance; we have English Heritage to tell us what is worth keeping; and we have the department of national heritage to enforce EH's judgements.

We have local authorities to look after our historic buildings, with the duty of employing planners and conservation officers and the power to serve repairs notices on criminal or irresponsible owners who allow fine old buildings to fall into disrepair. Local authorities also have the power to acquire buildings by compulsory purchase as a last resort.

We have the Historic Buildings Council and historic buildings grants, too; we have the National Heritage Memorial Fund and lots of lovely lottery money. We have the Royal Institute of British Architects and the National Trust; we have amenity societies and conservation societies. We have television programmes on heritage matters and there is much talk of creating architecture centres. We have a culture which reveres historic buildings and country houses; we have the *Architectural Review* and *Country Life*; we have, indeed, Nooks & Corners and we have the Prince of Wales.



And yet one of the finest country houses in Britain — the work of an English architect of international stature — has fallen into such a state of squalid decay and mutilation it may well be doomed; and yet nobody notices, nobody complains, nobody does anything. I am thinking of Gledstone Hall, near Skipton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a great house built by Sir Edwin Lutyens in the 1920s.

As well as all the hype about architecture and history, we also have the cult of the architect as genius, as superstar. And some, at least — when dead — deserve the accolade. One such is Lutyens. Ever since the Lutyens Exhibition at the Hayward 15 years ago, he has been a star, a hero, along with Frank Lloyd Wright and Charles Rennie Mackintosh. There is the Lutyens Trust to perpetuate his memory; there are countless books on him still pouring from the presses. Lutyens' houses in the Home Counties are desirable status symbols, changing hands for millions among the upwardly mobile and art-struck Americans.

But Gledstone is not in Surrey, which is part of the problem. It is miles away in the remote North Riding, where model little Thatcherites do not put down roots in weekend homes.

Gledstone Hall was built in 1922-25 for Sir Amos Nelson. It is a Classical house, an exquisite essay in geometry and abstraction, with echoes of Lutyens' triumph in New Delhi. Christopher Hussey, in the finest biography of an architect written in the English language, thought that "for all its lavishness of design and thought, there is nothing luxurious about Gledstone. It is the conception of the English country house, as an art form, raised to its highest pitch, and thus ministering to the spirit rather than to the body". The gardens were by Gertrude Jeckyll.

But that all hasn't helped it. Two decades ago, Gledstone was fine, and properly lived in. But then it changed hands, and changed hands again. Lutyens' embittered and unpleasant grandson, the late Nicholas Ridley, thought — as secretary of state for the environment — that country houses did not need help: if the owners could not afford to keep them up, they should sell on. And so Gledstone was sold to a chain of geriatric nursing homes, Burley Nursing Homes, which is, perhaps, the worst fate that can befall a piece of serious architecture.

Gledstone Hall was ruthlessly converted for a new use, and the unfortunate inmates of this most sophisticated of twilight homes were certainly not allowed to enjoy the architecture. Chimneypieces were ripped out, floors pulled up and thrown into skips. The superb marble floors installed by Lutyens were covered in a disgusting concrete scree and lino glued on top. The nursing home was caught cramming more elderly victims into rooms than the regulations allowed, so the rooms were divided up with partitions and false ceilings while the bathrooms — products of the finest era of British plumbing — were ripped out. And all without listed building consent, needless to say.

In the celebrated *Lutyens Memorial* volumes, published in 1950, A.S.G. Butler claimed that "Gledstone Hall is a work of art worthy of being listed, one day, as a national monument". Well, Gledstone is now listed — but a fat lot of good that does. The real villain of this story, apart from the odious nursing home, is Craven district council, which has resolutely turned a blind eye to the ruination of this superb building. The council could have sent round inspectors to prevent unauthorised alterations to a listed building; it could have served a repairs notice; it could have rescued Gladstone by compulsory purchase. But this supine, philistine local authority has done, well, bugger all.

Gledstone Hall is now for sale for a mere £200,000. A snip: but nobody will buy it. It has been empty for four years. The stupid insurers insist windows are kept closed, so as the roof leaks the rot inside is rampant. The interior stinks of damp and urine. Repairs will cost millions. Besides, the lodges have been sold off, while half of one wing is in the separate ownership of a smart fellow who wants to be bought out by a rescuer. So who on earth can possibly now save Lutyens' Gledstone Hall? So much for "heritage".

'Piloti'

Would it not be wonderful if, at some time in the future, we could become "lords of the winds", men or women who, after having used up our ideologies and fashions, will at last be able to follow our desires and challenges? We will then be directly involved with our own sincerity: tender and terrible, rational and at the same time as impetuous as the unpredictable wind.

ROMEO GIGLI
"Home truths", Elle Decoration

HERSOV — On September 14th at The Portland Hospital, to Kimberley Hersov and Robert a boy Alexander. Zulu Name Vusi, nicknamed Otto Hollywood Neptune.

The Times

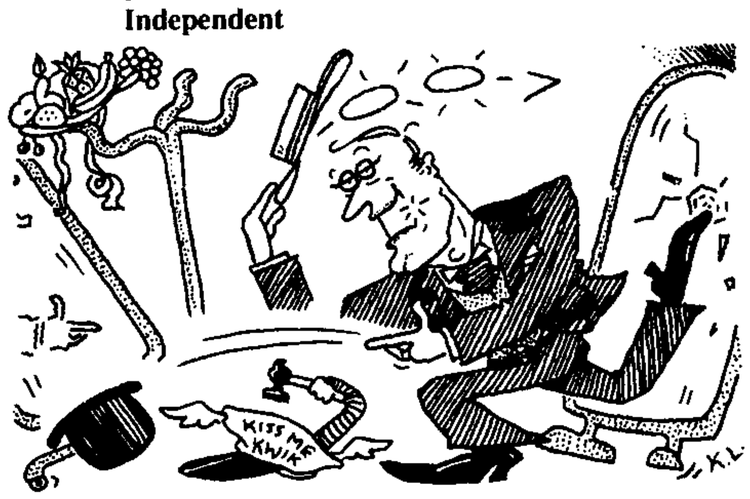
Pseuds Corner

I am on holiday, but I have forgotten what I should not. There are no holidays from homosexuality. Homosexuality is the Hotel California. You can check out but you can never leave.

Take downstairs (by force, if necessary). How can you get away from it all when some sad Marys are determined to prove you can take it with you, or, worse, you arrive and it's already there, flexing its pecks and flashing capped teeth, when you stagger onto the tarmac, jet-fagged.

This is not, contrary to camp self-justification, doing it Your Way. It's not culture, nor is it life. It's a global franchise, honey, a hamburger chain, Bugger King, that's what it is. Only the people in front of the counter, not behind, are the ones practising the snotty, cruise-controlled attitude, especially the French and German Imperial Highnesses. Especially, especially the ugly French and German Imperial Highnesses.

JOHN LYTTLE
Independent



People call me the James Bond of the art world because I cast myself as 007 in my films. I don't really see myself in that role — at least, no more than any other good-looking Englishman would. My mission is to demonstrate the futility of glamour. In one scene, I keep throwing my hat onto the hatstand and missing, and in another Cecilia Chancellor plays a Bond girl who can't light her cigarette.

The films are showing this month at the Museum of Modern Art in Chicago. They were inspired by my miserable memories of modelling in New York. I was forced into it thirteen years ago when I was living there in abject poverty. I only modelled two days a month, but it was enough to make me appreciate the inevitability of imperfection.

MAX WIGRAM
Harpers & Queen

DEVLIN: Do you feel you're being hypnotised?
REBECCA: When?
DEVLIN: Now.
REBECCA: No.
DEVLIN: Really?
REBECCA: No.
DEVLIN: Why not?
REBECCA: Who by?
DEVLIN: By me.
REBECCA: You?
DEVLIN: What do you think?
REBECCA: I think you're a fuckpig.

HAROLD PINTER
Ashes to Ashes

CONTRIBUTORS: M. Enstone, Y. Walters, T. Hickman, A. Kuropatwa, A. Non.

£10 paid for entries

TV

Two Fat Ladies (BBC2)
Can't Cook Won't Cook (BBC1)
Ready Steady Cook (BBC2)
Quisine (ITV)

IT'S CLEAR that telly types believe cookery to be the new rock and roll. A few years ago, in a profile of Terry Wogan, a hack commented that "son Mark certainly isn't following in Dad's footsteps — he's training to be a chef". In fact, as we can now see, son Mark had taken the perfect first step for a career in television and, indeed, young Wogan will shortly be fronting one of the BBC's many provender projects.

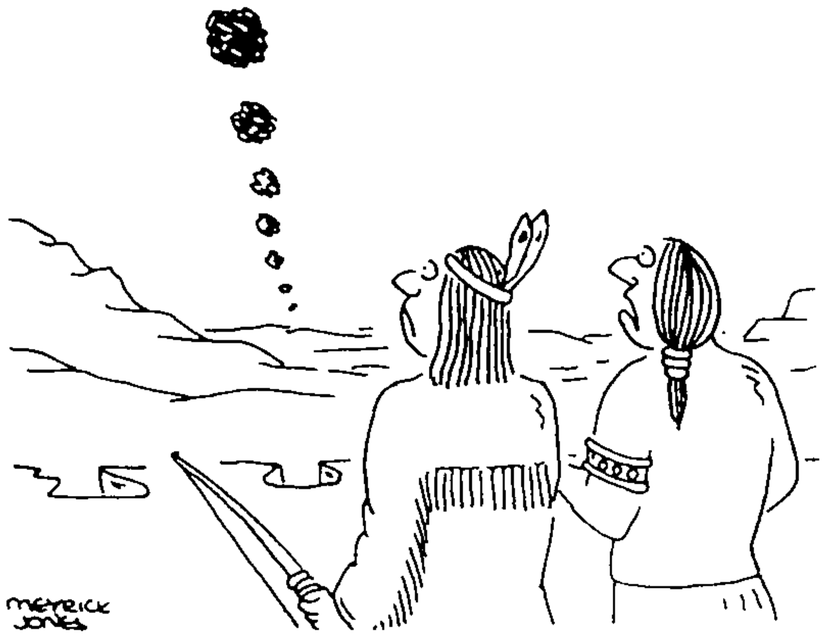
Food is the only interest represented in every genre of programming. There's a sitcom (*Chef*), a drama (*Pie In The Sky*), and a news magazine show (*Food & Drink*). There exist numerous games shows, of which one (*Masterchef*) is also a chatshow, which has also managed the generical spin-off of a children's programme (*Junior Masterchef*).

As any chef will tell you, if you create an original dish it will almost immediately be copied by any restaurants within the same postal district. So it's fitting that — among the gameshows — BBC1's **Can't Cook Won't Cook** is so startlingly similar to BBC2's **Ready Steady Cook**, the first big hit of daytime foodie viewing.

Both shows (like *Masterchef*) put cooking against the clock: a new twist on the idea of fast food. The only variation is the level of expertise. In *Can't Cook Won't Cook*, presented by a different professional chef every day, two kitchen incompetents try to prepare a dish by copying the master. The competitors tend to be recalcitrant men dragged along by partners who fancy a night off from the kitchen. There's a lot of rolling of eyes at their hopelessness. Last week one poor guy heard the cook say "Take your thyme!" and slowed down, when she wanted him to grab a herb.

In **Ready Steady Cook**, the chefs are professional and the show is essentially a scoff version of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*, bringing the tradition of theatrical improvisation to the kitchen. It's a wonder they didn't call it: *Whose Lime Is It Anyway?* Non-celebrity guests (generally women) bring in a selection of ingredients bought for under a fiver and the cook must knock something up from these found objects. Presenter Fern Britton asks probing questions: "Why not go into the tomato at the stalk end?"

Making up one generical lack, ITV recently added a quiz show:



"And finally... Boris, the snooker-playing tortoise who's just won the lottery..."

Quisine. If the attraction of daytime food shows to the BBC is that they attract large female audiences, ITV has the added bonus of an obvious advertising tie-in: *Quisine* is sponsored by Cross & Blackwell and numerous fast food companies pack its commercial breaks. The questions are simple enough — "What was the name of Fanny Craddock's husband?" — but *Quisine*'s main point of interest is what seems to be an unusually liberal attitude to guests. Among last week's duos were Nigel and his "friend and business partner, Tim". This looked like something of a breakthrough for a genre which usually ruthlessly promotes the family unit.

Pedants might object that there are no nutritional versions of variety or light entertainment shows, but there are, there are. What are the increasingly numerous celebrity chef shows if not *Little & Large* without the jokes or *The Val Doonican Show* without the songs?

With the bizarre exception of Delia Smith, who is the only star television personality without a personality, cookery presenters are required to be eccentrics. This began with Graeme "Galloping Gourmet" Kerr and Fanny Craddock and was continued in modern times by Keith Floyd. Recently, the influence of drama series on the form has become apparent. Antonio Carluccio, the Italian chef who has got a new show on Tuesdays on BBC2, is a dead ringer for the chef played by Richard Griffiths in *Pie In The Sky*.

And **Two Fat Ladies** — which began on Wednesdays last week on the same channel — has a premise which seems far more suited to fiction. Two large posh bints — Clarissa Dickson Wright and Jennifer Patterson — turn up on a motorbike with sidecar at various British restaurants, where they take over the kitchen. In a drama series they would be expected to solve a crime, but here they merely cook up a few dishes and bray fruity phrases such as "Chin! Chin!" and "Lace up me corsets, Trevor!" The whole thing looks like a French & Saunders sketch. The appetite for cookery shows may be apparently endless, but surely, with this one, the controller of BBC2 has cooked his goose.

All that's lacking now is the satirical anti-quiz show, but you can be sure that a *Have I Got Juice For You?* or *They Think It's All Over-Cooked* is even now under discussion — over lunch — with a controller.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BARON Tebbit of Chingford told readers of his *Sun* column on 11 October to "snub Filthy 4", referring to the dastardly Channel 4 and its "dirty programmes".

Tebbit was urging heritage secretary Virginia Bottomley to crack down on the channel's "porn" output in the same way she was clamping down on "dirty foreign TV programmes".

Surely, however, this wasn't the same Norman Tebbit who has been a director of British Telecom since 1987 and has been accepting a plump wage from a telephone company which derives some of its profits from 0898 sex lines? Although BT describes the sex lines as a "dwindling market", the company still rakes in 28 pence a minute for the saucy calls. In fact Tebbit's employers are purveyors of the sort of "dirt" that would make any self-respecting Channel 4 viewer blanche.

I-BSkyB

I hardly ever watch terrestrial TV these days because I think Sky is streets ahead of BBC, ITV and Channel 4.

The films are better, news coverage is far superior and there are a lot more laughs.

Sky has moved with the times but terrestrial TV has not.

FREDDIE STAR
Sun TV Super Guide

CONTRIBUTOR: C. Moore.

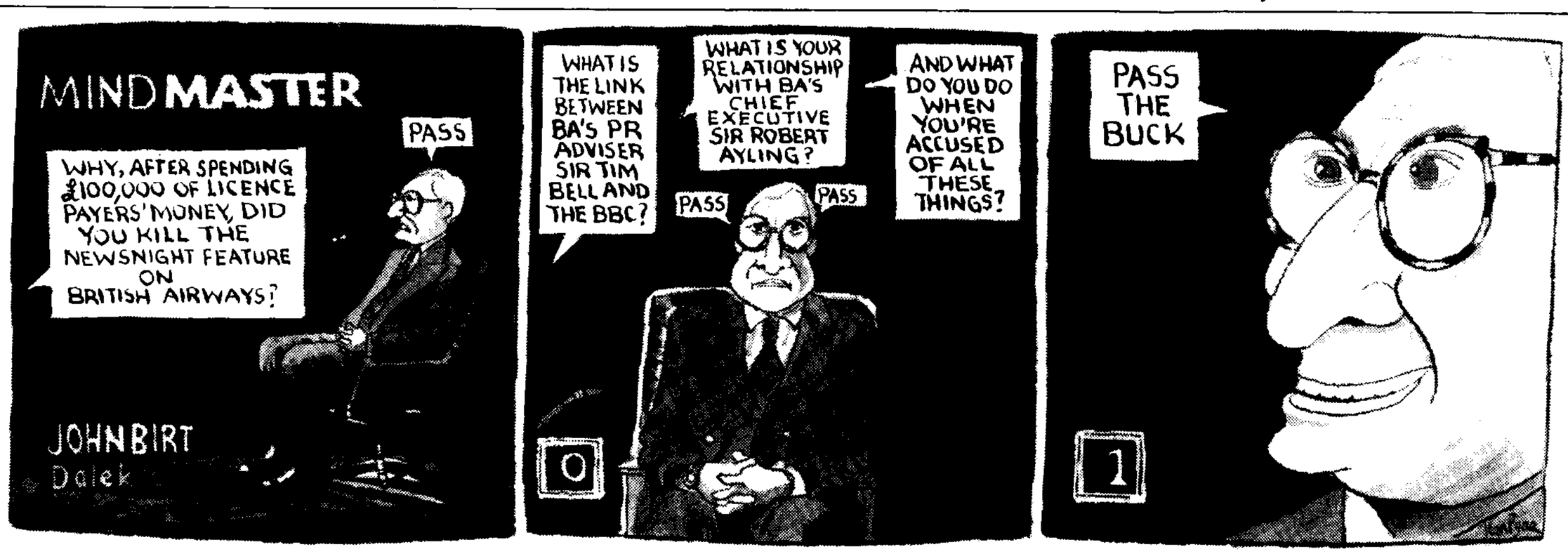
WARNER Bros and film director Neil Jordan continue their pathetic claim that the quasi-biopic of Michael Collins will boost the Irish "peace" process, heal wounds, promote mutual understanding and generally make Ireland a happier place.

Over in California, meanwhile, Warner is making rather different noises while trying to fend off court claims that Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* incited copy cat murders. The Warner defence? Everyone knows films shouldn't be taken seriously and that people cannot be influenced by them.

Even more oddly Warner has decided to hold gala openings for *Collins* in Cork and Dublin, but to skip Belfast, which will have to make do with the routine release and thus miss out on all that peace and reconciliation stuff in the PR handouts.

Naturally Jean Kennedy Smith's decision to appear in the film as a woman who helps Collins escape the perfidious Brits in no way hints at her political views or compromises her neutrality as US ambassador to Ireland. It must be a bit disconcerting, though, for such a paragon of peace to find her screen debut so drenched in blood and carrying the words: "WARNING: This film includes scenes depicting explicit cruelty and violence, along with crude language. It is advised that children under 12 years be accompanied by a parent or guardian."

The latter sentence refers to the Irish censor's decision to rate the film PG, even though it has a higher body count than Stone's *Natural Born Killers* which he banned, and contains more uses of the f-word — as verb, noun and adjective, often in the same sentence — than any 18 classification screened in recent years.


MIND MASTER
PASS
WHY, AFTER SPENDING £100,000 OF LICENCE PAYERS' MONEY, DID YOU KILL THE NEWSNIGHT FEATURE ON BRITISH AIRWAYS?
JOHN BIRT
Dalek
WHAT IS THE LINK BETWEEN BA'S PR ADVISER SIR TIM BELL AND THE BBC?
WHAT IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH BA'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE SIR ROBERT AYLING?
AND WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE ACCUSED OF ALL THESE THINGS?
PASS
PASS
0
PASS THE BUCK
1

AUDIENCE targeting is a sophisticated business in modern radio. Take this profile of the "typical listener" from London's News 97.3FM boss Nicholas Wheeler to his staff:

"Typically male, he will be aged early to mid thirties. He is in a junior managerial role without great ambition. He will probably be married and drive a bottom of the range BMW Series 3. His wife will work part time and drive a second hand Fiesta. He would like to think that he listens to Radio 4 but finds it a bit old and stuffy. He wants to be up to date and enjoys the tempo and pace of London's Information Station. I hope this helps in choosing the right stories."

Having thoroughly confused his hacks, Wheeler is setting out to confuse his listeners (Sid and Doris Bottomoftherange) by changing the station's name. Again. Until London's Information Station, aka News 97.3FM, took over its licence, the frequency used to be occupied by LBC. Wheeler has decided to call it ITN Radio in future. Unless, that is, he calls it The Newscentre.

London can hardly wait.

"WHAT a rotten stinking waste of a great entertainer's talent," ranted the silver-tongued Garry Bushell in his *Sun* column in a review of Brian Conley's *Alive and Dangerous* television series.

How strange Bushell should have panned his old mate Brian's new show. "The show was a smash," was his verdict on the last series — when Bushell, incidentally, was one of the gag writers.

The new show; however, wasn't nearly so funny: in fact it's a disaster, says Bushell. "The blame clearly lies with producer John Kaye Cooper," he writes of the man who, quite coincidentally, did not hire Garry Bushell, comedy writer, for any of the new shows.

"Either we invest in writers. Or give up." finishes the bearded one, Bushell, swelling with pride at his own objectivity.

ON THE day Colin Wallace had his manslaughter conviction quashed, BBC radio could not resist a smear on him by its *Rough Justice* prima donna, John Ware.

Ware got a clip on the *World at One* and *PM* outlining, without any example or any proof, "the problem I have with Wallace's credibility".

Neither Ware nor his editors had time to set out any problem they might have had with John Ware's credibility. In 1987, soon after Wallace was released from prison, Ware wrote an article in the *Independent* which smeared Wallace as a liar and a fantasist. His chief allegation was that Wallace was not, as he claimed, an experienced parachutist. Wallace complained to the press complaints commission (PCC), which upheld his complaint. Undeterred, Ware repeated the same allegations in the *Spectator*, which refused to publish a refutation.

The full argument about Wallace's enormous experience as a parachutist, with quoted statements from his fellow officers who took part in some of his several hundred jumps, is set out in *Eye* 742 (25 May 1990) — and available free of charge to the editors of *World at One* and *PM* next time their *Rough Justice* hero wants to smear a man whose criminal conviction has been quashed.

PS: Ware, who has recently appointed himself guardian of BBC ethics, has been cleared of any impropriety in his public spat with Esther Rantzen. He is still smarting about a leaked memo from Rantzen to John Birt in which she alleged Ware had what the *Daily Mail* called an "undeclared interest" in the nursing home at the centre of the controversy. This interest is believed to be a friendship with the daughter of the hospital's volunteer coordinator.

CEEFUX

AN occasional series on Ceefax balls-ups. This week: subtitling of Tony Blair's speech to the Labour party conference.

"In our schools we will be using the 'marbles of modern science'."

"The comprehensive education system will be 'modern iced'."

Blair's father was said to be "ambition per cent sonified"; while under the dreadful Tories it is said to take months before the first "child benefit Czech" arrives.

Monitor: Jennie Munro, Oxfordshire. *(£10 paid for similar submissions.)*

Referendum Party Special

OH WHAT a swell party it is. Sir Jimmy may be a political nincompoop, but his capacious address-book has ensured him plenty of admiring media coverage. Here is a brief guide to some of the noisier cheerleaders and fellow-travellers:

CONRAD BLACK: Although Black's newspapers haven't actually endorsed the Referendum Party, they have been more than willing to give it a helping hand. On 23 April this year, the *Daily Telegraph* marked the party's launch with a sympathetic half-page feature written by political hack Robert Shrimsley — who forgot to mention that his late father, Anthony Shrimsley, was editor of *Now!* magazine (prop: Sir J. Fishpaste).

"Sir James is effective," a *Telegraph* editorial commented the following day, "because he shows up the muddle the Conservatives have got themselves into over Europe. By focusing on the fundamental question of who is to govern Britain, London or Brussels, he exposes their own equivocation..."

It neglected to add that until a couple of years ago Goldsmith was a director of the *Telegraph*, having been brought on to the board in the 1980s by his great friend Conrad Black. Barbara Amiel, Black's wife, was so thrilled by Jimmy's election to the European parliament two years ago she threw a huge celebratory party at the Ritz in London.

RUPERT MURDOCH: Another old crony who has enjoyed Goldsmith's hospitality at his Xanadu-style estate in the Mexican jungle, Murdoch has been happy to let the Wapping rags drool and slobber over his fellow-tycoon.

The *Sun* has been the most enthusiastic, running a front-page endorsement for the Referendum Party on 23 April this year. In an article the next day, Goldsmith was understandably delighted. "The *Sun*," he commented, "got it right in one yesterday."

The *Times* has also endeavoured to please. Last December its Saturday magazine carried a long and hugely flattering account of a Goldsmith visit to Poland, describing him as "a breath of fresh air". The author, Radek Sikorski, did at least have the grace to declare an interest: the Polish edition of Sir Jimmy's book, *The Trap*, includes an article by Sikorski, and "his visit was bound to help sales and increase my share of the royalties".

This shameless puffery has continued ever since. A *Times* leader on 16 April, headed "The People's Billionaire", praised "the purity of his message". Eleven days later there was another editorial: "All over the country, disaffected Tories who could not face voting for Tony Blair have begun to think that they might have a new home. So have parts of the press. The Referendum Party's programme looks enticing..."

PAUL JOHNSON: "What are we to make of Jimmy Goldsmith's Referendum Party?" Johnson wondered in the 27 April issue of the *Spectator* (owned by Conrad Black and edited by Frank Johnson, a former Goldsmith employee). "I have known Jimmy for over half a century and am fond of him so I cannot pretend to objectivity. But I will have a try." No need to try too hard, however: after 1,200 words of awestruck flattery, he concluded by predicting that Goldsmith would become "a significant figure on the political scene".

TAKI: "I am a friend and no small admirer of Jimmy Goldsmith," the Greek namedropper confessed on 5 May in the *Sunday Times* (prop: Rupert Murdoch). Having enjoyed Goldsmith's hospitality for many years, he is now repaying the debt with a ceaseless torrent of praise in both the *Sunday Times* and the *Spectator*. Woe betide anyone who dares criticise his hero: London *Evening Standard* editor Max "Hitler" Hastings recently had the temerity to publish a sniffy editorial about the Referendum crusade — and promptly found himself denounced by Taki as a "socialist"!

In his "Tatticus" column in the *Sunday Times* of 13 October, Taki praised Sir Jams for turning the tables on the lefties of *Panorama*: "He was too smart for them". The old coke sniffer then attacked Jeffrey Archer, who had called Lord McAlpine, last week's high profile defector to the Referendistas, a traitor to the Conservative cause. "One has to wonder who the real traitors are: those who have sold out to the unelected bureaucrats of Europe or those who offer a real choice? Archer also called Goldsmith a dictator. Although he is nothing of the sort... I say that dictatorship in defence of democracy vs bureaucracy is no vice."

As a long-time apologist for the Greek colonels' nasty military regime of 1967-1974, Taki is well-qualified to pontificate on the delicate relationship between dictatorship and democracy.

ANDREW ROBERTS: The right-wing historian and pundit came out as a Goldsmith groupie in the *Sunday Times* on 15 September, encouraging Tory readers to vote for the Referendum Party "with clear consciences". In his own constituency of Kensington and Chelsea, Roberts revealed, he would be supporting the candidacy of Robin Birley — who, by a delightful coincidence, was an usher at Roberts's wedding.

CARLA POWELL: The bubbly socialite Lady Powell, wife of Thatcher's former sidekick Sir Charles Powell, does not usually give interviews. But on 16 September she made an exception, explaining to readers of Conrad Black's *Daily Telegraph* why Goldsmith deserved their support. "I actually believe in what he says," she cooed. She forgot to add that he is also a dear friend: along with Barbara Amiel, Carla co-hosted that lavish ball at the Ritz to celebrate Jammy's election to the European parliament in 1994.

SIR DAVID FROST: When Goldsmith decided to float the idea of a Referendum Party, in the autumn of 1994, he found a willing conduit in Sir David Frost, who invited Sir Jams on to his Sunday morning BBC programme. No surprises there: Fishpaste and Frostie have been close friends for more than 20 years. The only surprise is that John Birt is prepared to let Frost mix business with pleasure quite so obviously. This Easter, the Frost and Goldsmith families enjoyed a happy holiday on Sir Jimmy's Mexican estate; only a few days later, the Referendum leader was once again treated to a most respectful interview on *Breakfast With Frost*.

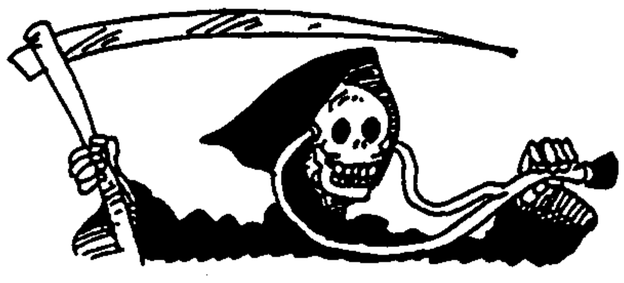
WILLIAM REES-MOGG: Interviewing Sir Jimmy for the *Sunday Times* of 9 June, Lord Rees-Mogg could hardly contain his excitement. "I have interviewed many politicians," he wrote. "Goldsmith's combination of tough willpower with a persuasive grasp of his arguments reminded me of some of the most forceful of them... Goldsmith seems to be speaking for Britain." One small fact was omitted: when Rees-Mogg mounted his unsuccessful legal challenge to the Maastricht treaty — appealing all the way up to the House of Lords — his £500,000 legal bill was paid by... Sir James Goldsmith.

PS: In the *Mail on Sunday*, Goldsmith was given a full page to rebut the outrageous suggestion by David Mellor that he was "a bird of passage" — a French citizen who spends much of his time in Mexico. "Contrary to Mellor's claim," Sir James raged, "I am in fact a resident of Surrey."

Naturally the *Mail* was far too polite to remind its readers of Sir Jimmy's comment to his most recent biographer, Ivan Fallon: "I have never considered that I have ever lived in England in a permanent sense." Nor did it draw attention to the address he gives in the current *Who's Who*: "Casa La Loma, Costa Cuixmala, Jalisco, Mexico."

Perhaps some more fearless journalist — Taki, Lord Rees-Mogg or David Frost, for instance — will ask him about this apparent discrepancy. But then again, perhaps not.

"I'm just taking a quick bath, honey..."



DOING THE ROUNDS

PERFORMANCE-related pay has been a big hit with staff at Lincolnshire's Mulberry NHS trust: they have been offered 0 percent to top up their equally impressive 2 percent.

Scarborough and North East Yorkshire NHS trust is also offering 0 percent, while nurses at **London's UCLH trust** are striking over their 1.25 percent offer. There has also been a one-day stoppage at **Newcastle City Health NHS trust** (0.73 percent), while staff at **Leicester Royal Infirmary** (0.75 percent) and **Nottingham Healthcare NHS Trust** (0.5 percent) have both rejected their rises.

At the time of going to press, no industrial action has been mooted by MPs (26 percent). And nor is Mike Brown, chief executive of **South Manchester University Hospitals Trust**, thought to be considering a go-slow: he has scraped together a 17 percent rise this year to £103,000 while offering staff less than 1 percent. In fairness, Brown needs the rise because last year his salary rose by only 16 percent. The trust is £3 million in debt.

Meanwhile Philip Hunt, director of the **National Association of Health Authorities and Trusts**, has delighted health unions by claiming they are "behaving like dinosaurs" in rejecting locally imposed pay increases (0 percent). Hospital doctors, for their part, are putting in a claim for a 53 percent rise to compensate for working very long hours. Mr Hunt's response? "The BMA is simply not living in the real world."

● THE **department of health** has told the **pay review body** that "measures taken over the past year have played a significant part in keeping general practice an attractive and fulfilling option for new entrants". Perhaps this explains why one in three GP trainee posts in Wales lies empty, and training schemes across the UK are folding due to a lack of applicants (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*). Still, the DoH's promise of "continuing restraint" in GPs' pay is sure to get young doctors beating a path to the door of their nearest health centre.

The DoH's statistical interpretation of the GP manpower crisis continues to impress. Between 1992 and 1995, the number of doctors aged 35-39 leaving general practice rose by 19.8 percent. Between 45 and 49, leavers were up by 36.4 percent; and in the 55-59 age group the rise was 16.5 percent. To the untutored eye, this might suggest GPs are desperate to get out. To the department of health, however, "it suggests that more doctors are taking career breaks, reflecting the increasing proportion of women entering general practice".

● THE government's refusal to accept that the NHS is desperately understaffed is at odds with the encouragement given to trusts trying to cherry-pick health professionals from countries who need them as much as we do.

The "working holiday" scheme which has long allowed visitors to take work here so long as they don't "follow a career" has been relaxed in an attempt to plug gaps in supply nursing, physiotherapy and radiography. Most nursing agencies advertise in London's Australian magazines, such as *TNT*, and Nelson Mandela's recent plea to stop us stealing South African talent has failed. The UK has now extended its postgraduate training scheme for newly qualified overseas doctors, and South Africa is now employing Cuban doctors to make up the numbers.

Why is the UK so popular for overseas doctors in training? There are 700 NHS junior staff from Germany alone. The "excellence of the training" is the official reason. Unofficially, UK medicine allows very inexperienced staff far more scope to gain hands on practice with British patients who tend, on the whole, to be a fairly non-litigious bunch. And the speed of the judicial system means that complaints are unlikely to reach the courts until long after the doctor has returned home.

● **SOUTHAMPTON University Hospitals Trust** has told non-fundholding GPs that non-urgent patients on the cardiac surgery waiting lists (ie those waiting for angiograms, angiplasties, coronary artery by-pass grafts and valve replacements) will not have their procedures carried out until the next financial year. Patients of fundholders, surprise, surprise, remain unaffected.

● THE long-awaited report on the ill-doings of **Gwent health authority** has been published (*Eyes passim*). It confirms that key management jobs were awarded improperly with officers acting outside their authority.

Disciplinary action is being considered against former chief executive Jeremy Hallett, who is now heading **Wiltshire HA**. Chairwoman Lindy Price has escaped much of the flack because she was "entitled to rely on the chief executive to ensure detailed arrangements relating to corporate governance were adhered to". Noel Flannery, of the **Institute of Health Service Management**, is not so sure: "To imply that a person in her position and with her experience was the innocent dupe of the chief executive begs the question: why?"

● **SOUTH and East Wales Ambulance Trust** has parted company with finance director John Henley following the resignation earlier this year of chair John Curteis and chief executive David Triggs (*Eyes passim*). A Welsh office report criticised lax financial control, and 32 ambulance drivers now face the axe. To add insult to injury, SEWAT bosses have anticipated the flak the cuts will cause by spending £10,000 on Grayling, a Bristol-based public relations firm, to deal with it. The cuts will leave Llantwit Major ambulance station unmanned most of the time.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

SO IT is now official: Gulf war "syndrome" does exist. Surprise, surprise, it turns out to be... poisoning from organophosphorus (OP) pesticides.

These are the same nerve gas-based chemicals in which British farmers were forced by the ministry of agriculture (aka the Maffia) to dip sheep to protect them from the "scab" mite. While 750 servicemen have been affected, some 2,000 sheep farmers have also had their health ruined (*Eyes passim*).

The most significant admission is that small doses of OPs over a period — below what is called the "acute threshold" — can be just as toxic as a concentrated blast. Nevertheless, although it now seems official that Britain's finest can be laid low in this way, the Maffia, which licensed these chemicals for agricultural use, has always refused to accept that sheep farmers can be similarly damaged.

If dying and diseased sheep farmers are hoping for aid or comfort from the Gulf finding, they may well be disappointed. Despite the very obvious need to keep comprehensive records of individual sheep-dip poisoning cases, no formal investigation was carried out and very few details have been obtained. Conveniently — for the Maffia, that is — there is very little hard evidence to support damage claims.

Now that servicemen's conditions are at least being officially recognised, perhaps the best option for their rural counterparts is for poisoned sheep farmers to join the army. They might then get their cases investigated — except that, to judge by the Gulf experience when soldiers carrying out spraying were not allowed to wear "chemical" suits — they would be prohibited from wearing protective equipment while they dipped in case they damaged it.

EVER since Sheriff J. Douglas Allan refused to condemn £54,000 worth of Lanark Blue cheese last year (see *Eyes passim*) after Clydesdale environmental health officers alleged "contamination" with the "killer" bug *Listeria monocytogenes* (Lm), the same officials have been trying to rubbish the verdict.

Their latest move has been to have the issue referred to the Advisory Committee on the Microbiological Safety of Food — the "independent" committee which advises government on food safety. Obligingly this committee has now concluded that, for public health purposes, all strains of Lm should be treated as harmful — completely contradicting Allan's verdict.

Interestingly, in reaching its conclusion the committee was "informed" by a presentation from the public health laboratory service (PHLS). It is of course a complete coincidence that Dr "Sunny" Jim McLauchlin, the listeria "expert" who — for a £500 daily fee — inexpertly argued for the destruction of the Lanark Blue on behalf of Clydesdale officials, is employed by the PHLS. And perish the thought that the committee might have been influenced by one of its more senior members, Dr Richard Gilbert, who happens to be Sunny Jim's boss at the good old PHLS.

NOT content with marketing his "urine test" as a way to detect BSE in cattle, Dr Harash Narang seems to be branching out into promoting lamb, claiming that eating succulent lamb chops will protect beef eaters from catching CJD from mad cows.

To the puzzlement of reputable scientists, his reasoning is that "99 percent of sheep suffer from scrapie", a "mild form of BSE", which, he says, gives the sheep immunity to the BSE — and the same mechanism might work with humans.

But there may be a flaw in Narang's thinking. While there are many "strains" of scrapie, and experiments show that sheep infected with one do not succumb to another, this would mean that, if scrapie did prevent BSE (and there is no evidence it does) consumers would have to "catch" scrapie to get any protection.

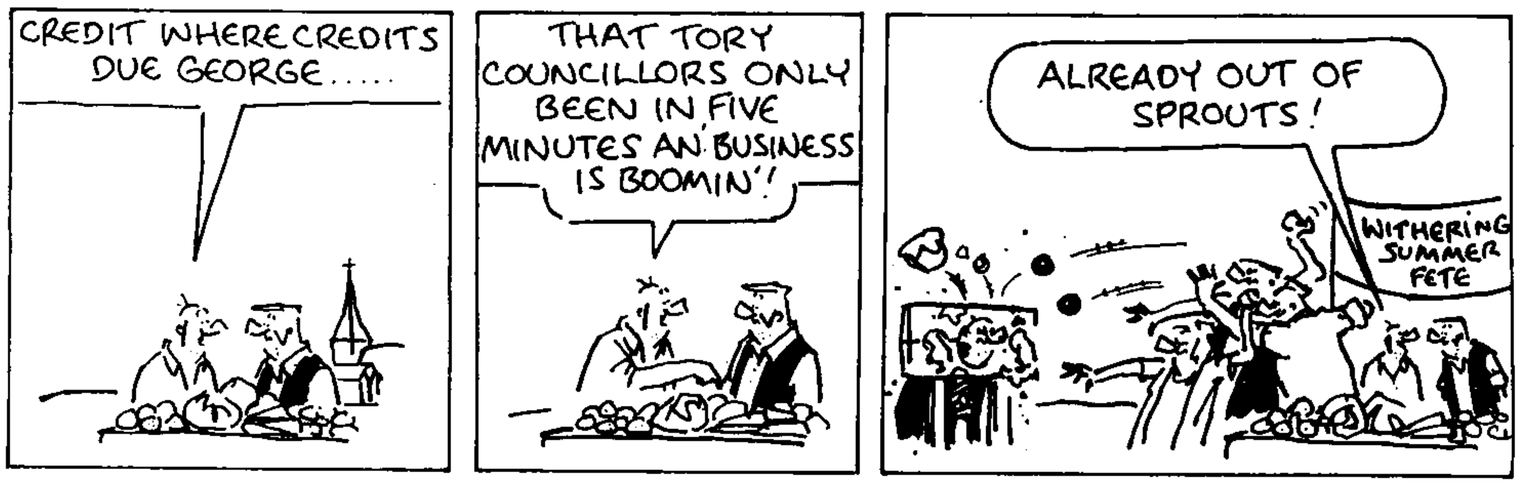
Discounting this minor technicality, Narang still has a problem. Contrary to his claims, very few sheep actually suffer from scrapie. In 1995 there were only 116 confirmed cases in 40 million sheep. Thus the average consumer would have to go a long way to find infected meat.

Maybe the real reason for Narang's promotional zeal is that he is looking for another commercial application for his "BSE-free beef" logo, which he hopes to license to farmers gullible enough to use his as yet unproven urine test. Could he also be thinking of also certifying guaranteed scrapie-infected lamb for the more discerning if somewhat witless consumer?

'New Muckspreader'

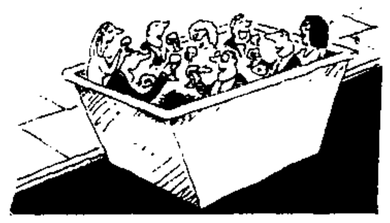
Old Macdonald

ALBERT


CREDIT WHERE CREDITS DUE GEORGE.....
THAT TORY COUNCILLORS ONLY BEEN IN FIVE MINUTES AN' BUSINESS IS BOOMIN'!
ALREADY OUT OF SPROUTS!
WITHERING SUMMER FETE

Rotten Borough Advertiser

Friday, 18 October 1996



EVER BEEN HADLEY-SMITH?

AFTER Broxbourne council in Hertfordshire launched an investigation into benefit cheats this summer, it heralded its "fraud-busting" team's success in the local press, reportedly discovering housing benefit fraud which had been costing £162,528 in weekly payments.

What the smug Tory council did not mention was that in 1994 a petition of more than 300 signatures had been collected calling for questions on benefit to be allowed concerning a *Conservative* councillor. In addition, a question tabled by an opposition member asked for more information about the fraud team's investigations into the councillor, who had been told to pay back large sums of benefit. Oddly, the question was quashed on the grounds that "it did not pertain to the functions of the council".

The councillor in question was one Donald Hadley-Smith, who was told by the council's finance department that "£729.41 rent benefit and £170.46 council tax benefit has now been raised as overpaid". Since then the borough fraud team has been abruptly disbanded. And Hadley-Smith? He has been promoted to the position of council leader.

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

WESTMINSTER's high-living mayor Robert Davis has spent his £17,300 annual mayoral hospitality budget in just four-and-a-half months! Much of it has gone on dinners for his ex-Cambridge pals — such as the one for the university's retiring vice-chancellor. It cost £1,609, without much obvious benefit for the gerrymandered citizens of the borough. If Davis wants to do any more partying, he will have to pay for it himself: Westminster won't give him any more money.

PHILISTINES

"The council must think of residents first. I don't care if every theatre in this land falls down in ruins. I have never been to a theatre since they banned smoking in the early sixties."

— Westminster Tory councillor Dr David Avery during a debate on parking enforcement quoted in *The Stage*.

Monitor: H. Martin, London SW1 *(£10 paid for similar submissions.).*

WON'T PAY, ER, WON'T PAY

EMPLOYEES at St Albans city and district council are quaking after seeing 17 colleagues made redundant with no compensation whatsoever.

When St Albans' housing services were put out to tender three years ago, the contract was won by the in-house contractor, MRS. Now MRS has failed to secure a housing repairs contract with the council, and 17 of its workers have been made redundant.

MRS says the redundancies are the responsibility of the council; the council says MRS should pay. The men can't secure jobs with the new contractors because they fear they will be pulled into fulfilling the redundancy agreement themselves.

Naturally the council is refusing to negotiate with the men's union, Unison, and is spending plenty of taxpayers' money on legal arguments and protestations. If planned industrial tribunals fail to find in the men's favour, perhaps they could appeal to the benevolence of their local MP: social security secretary and scourge of the dole cheat, Peter Lilley.

CHARITY NEWS

A DOGFIGHT has broken out in Glasgow's environmental services sector over the decision that trading standards officers should help the wealthy Guide Dogs For The Blind Association.

Officials from the cash-strapped city council will now visit dog owners and weigh the animals to ensure they are neither undernourished nor over-fed. Liberal Democrat councillor Dr Chris Mason claims that the charity "collects more money than it spends, and should pay for this service themselves [*sic*]". Mason may well have a point: the Guide Dogs For The Blind Association has assets of £146 million, and was recently accused of giving generous interest-free loans to staff using donations from the public.

CONSPIRACY OF DUNCES

SO THE *Eye* was right all along. In a new report, Hackney council chief executive Tony Elliston reveals that there *was* a conspiracy by Labour councillors to frame Bernard Crofton, the housing officer who was conveniently (and unjustly) accused of racism just when he had uncovered massive internal recruitment fraud at the town hall.

According to Elliston, if officers rather than councillors had behaved in this way there would have been mass sackings. Instead (as Elliston doesn't point out) the guilty councillors will probably end up with parliamentary seats.

This unprecedented U-turn in the rottenest of boroughs is part of a clean-up which has been going on since a rump of Labour councillors, fed up with corruption and cover-ups, quit the official group in disgust and left the council with no leaders but plenty of bean-spillers.

Next they will turn their attention to barrister Ian McDonald, author of a pisspoor report into the recruitment fraud earlier this year. McDonald's report put the boot into Crofton, which is why Hackney is paying him only £20,000 of his £90,000 fee — *most* embarrassing for the great QC.

JUST FANCY THAT!

THERE has been a bit of fuss in the quiet Wiltshire town of Malmesbury about plans by life peer Lord Morton of Shuna to build a new industrial estate on land off Tetbury hill. Locals are looking to North Wiltshire council for guidance, but they won't get much help from Richard Hill, who until recently was North Wilts's chief planning officer before quitting the council to take up work as a planning consultant for, er, Lord Morton.

IN BRIEF

WESTMINSTER: Despite close links to the homes-for-votes scandal, planning director Sydney Sporle is getting a £250,000-odd early retirement package. He helped monitor how many potential Tory voters were moving into marginal wards, and find new voters. The auditor cleared him of any misdemeanour having found he was too dim to know what he was doing: he hadn't realised he had to disclose councillors' "unlawful and improper conduct".

BARNET: Mystery surrounded the disappearance of Tory councillor Julian Czarny — until he phoned from Israel to say he had moved to Jerusalem. Although he wrote to the Tory group declaring his resignation, colleagues were so scared of a by-election they sat on the letter for six months, the longest time an absent councillor can remain in office. Now an election looms and the Tories have even more chance of losing.

CREWE AND NANTWICH: Rejected by commercial publishers and unable to afford a "vanity" house, Labour's Les Cooper will have his two-volume mayoral memoirs published by the Labour council, with the publicity officer knocking the manuscript into shape. Profits will go to the mayor's charity fund, but unless sales soar, taxpayers will still pay for printing a book no one wanted.

FIFE: The council is recalling 60,000 electoral registration forms carrying the wrong qualification date. The cock-up will cost £20,000, and electoral registration officer Duncan Chisholm blamed "human error" — worrying given that his staff will count votes at the next election.

BIRMINGHAM: The Labour council is creating a new committee to look at ways of cutting the city's number of committees (125).

TREVVIES*

Real stage fright is an unnatural mental state — awful games going on in your mind. I had a terrible bout of it when I was in *Troilus and Cressida, As You Like It* and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* all at the same time.

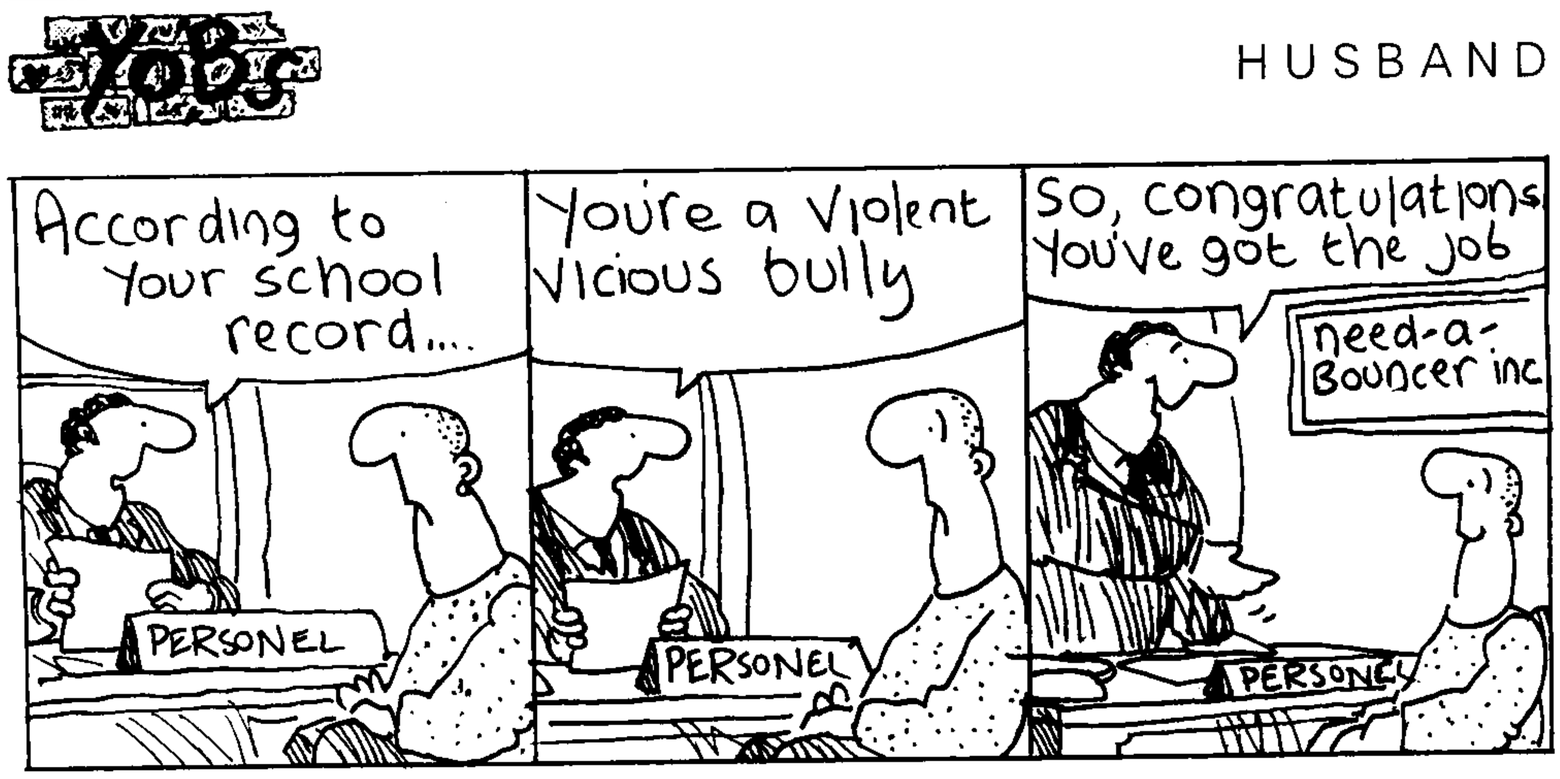
I was overtired, stressed out, completely knackered. I'd go out there paralysed with terror, and that creates more terror. Words stop being words. They turn into illuminated worms, and you can't think. Acting is 90 per cent thinking, so you can't do it. But I got over it.

JULIET STEVENSON
Times

Submitted by Francis Harvey.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

***formerly "Luvvies"**



Letters

Day dream

Sir,

I would have thought that the sheer embarrassment of Dick Madley [sic] writing an amusing letter, **and** *you publishing it would have taught Square Eyes a lesson. Evidently it hasn't.*

Not content with an entire story attributed to the wrong person, "Square" goes on to tell us that THIS MORNING *used to be presented from Manchester. Just to reemphasise the point, it's repeated again a paragraph later.*

Manchester is not Liverpool, and vice-versa, as I'm sure every Scouser and Mancunian would only be too happy to tell you.

It is on ITV though, and the programme is called THIS MORNING, *so you got something right.*

STEVE WYNNE,
Rome.

Sun trap

Sir,

I believe that you have in your possession a digitally enhanced "still" from a certain video depicting the participants in their underwear. Could you possibly publish it to disclose the true identities, and preempt an exclusive by THE MIRROR.

Sincerely,
TONY ENGEHAM,
via email.

Listing building

Sir,

Re: Nooks and Corners, 4 Oct 1996 on the proposed new Lifeboat Museum at Sheringham.

The following facts might help to set the record straight:

1. English Heritage sent an inspector to visit the site and information was supplied to them, based on documented fact. They decided not to list any, or any part, of the buildings on the site. With a hideous corrugated asbestos roof, broke and flaking rendering, bulged walls, no foundations and the woodworm holding hands to keep some of the timbers in place, this was not surprising.

2. The buildings do not represent any uniqueness in respect of surviving buildings associated with the local fishing industry. There are, within the town, many examples of former warehouses, fishermen's cottages, lifeboat and fishing boat sheds, net lofts and other uses and to infer otherwise displays a unique ignorance of the local scene.

Yours sincerely,
PETER COX,
Chairman, Lifeboat Museum Steering Committee, Sheringham Town Council.

First impressions

Sir,

Dear old PRIVATE EYE, *ever open and alert! Re: Literary Review (4 Oct). Brandon is not in Cork but in Dingle, a mere 95 miles away. As for your touching concern for Gerry Adams' sales, no need to worry: despite attempts in the British press — to whose famed objectivity the rest of the world daily bows in homage — to label it a "flop", it has already sold out its first printing. I look forward to many more such flops. Meanwhile, may your organ fare as well.*

STEVE MacDONOGH,
Editorial Director, Brandon Book Publishers Ltd, Dingle.

Supplementary benefit

Sir,

There are errors in your claim that Camden "leaders have deliberately suppressed a report" regarding the charity Interchange. Far from suppressing the item, which was actually a letter, it was handed to an opposition councillor to read, who has shown remarkable political ingenuity in transforming it into a "secret report".

We appreciate your pointing out that no councillor has personally benefited from any of this. But neither has the taxpayer lost £2m, by not selling Hampstead Town Hall. Actually it's not quite so easy to sell a listed building in poor condition with restrictive covenants. Certainly no valuation we have seen comes anywhere near this figure. What we hope to get is £6m lottery money towards a community facility. That's not bad for a "redundant and outdated" building!

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD ARTHUR,
Leader of Camden Council.

Called to account

Sir,

It is not only female partners in joint accounts who face discrimination in the forthcoming share-out of bonuses when the Halifax and other building societies convert to banks in 1997. The severely disabled and handicapped will also be excluded.

If you are blind, paralysed or so badly afflicted in other ways that you are incapable of even signing your own name, it is very likely that a relative, friend or care-worker will have agreed to operate your building society account for you. If so, then their name will almost certainly have been placed first on the account with the disabled person's second. If that helper also has an account of their own with the same society then only one of the two accounts will qualify for a bonus.

Compartmentalising the severely disabled alongside carpetbaggers and others who might be trying to milk the system does not appear unreasonable to the building societies. And although, as the government's current advertising campaign reminds us, it will be unlawful to discriminate against the disabled from 2 December, they remain unmoved.

Yours sincerely,
RAYMOND WARD,
St Albans, Herts.

Evil eye

Sir,

Your Hallo! column is half right (EYE *908): the Tories' infernal and now infamous devil's eyes poster is indeed a dismal rip-off — but the image they stole was in fact from the multiple sclerosis campaign, where the torn-away eyes image was used to poignant effect to show just one of the effects of that disease — blindness. Predictable, really, that the Conservatives should use an image originally intended to elicit our sympathy as part of a sleazy personal attack. Well worth a peerage, as I'm sure you'll agree.*

Yours,
DUNCAN MACPHERSON,
Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Night trip

Sir,

I generally like Bookworm, but the review of COCAINE NIGHTS *in* PE *908 was below his usual standard. The point that Ballard's work is frequently based on his horrific childhood experiences is not new, and was made rather more elegantly by the author himself in* THE KINDNESS OF WOMEN. *That said, several passages in the same book also suggest* THE CRYSTAL WORLD *is an exception, and that the primary influence here was in fact Ballard's experiments with LSD in the 60s.*

Just how many of Ballard's novels did Bookworm actually bother to read before dashing off his confident pronouncements? I think we should be told.

Yours,
MANNY RAYNER,
via email.

Precious little

Sir,

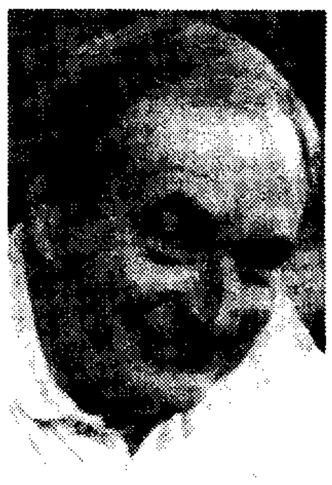
Re: In the City. I have been copied with the attached In the City article concerning the fund mismanagement activities of Peter Young. Paragraph five refers to an investment in Archangel Diamond Corporation, a company of which I am a director, stating that we are managed by, or associated with, a Mr Rupert Galliers-Pratt.

I do not know this person and confirm that he has nothing whatsoever to do with our company or its diamond exploration activities in western Russia. I would appreciate it if you would publish an amended statement to this effect as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW F. DE P. MALIM,
Director, Europe.

● ***Slicker writes: Quite so. The reference to "RPG" concerned Princess Resources — as was stated.***

Lookalikes



Punch

Gambaccini

Sir,

There is a remarkable similarity between the former dole collector Mr Punch and the job seeker Paul Gambaccini. Could they be related?

L. WIRTZ,
London NW10.

Rise above

Sir,

Bookworm is either a slow worm or he's a blind worm. SAP RISING *is on the Bookwatch bestseller list: as of 5 October it was the 25th most in-demand novel in the country.*

Old Ealing proverb: "Who provokes, sells!"

Yours faithfully,
PATRICK JANSON-SMITH,
Publisher, Transworld (owner of Doubleday).

Well versed

Sir,

Please print the following traditional ballad that has come into my possession: "A.A. Gill's An Arsehole", to be sung to the tune of "My Ol' Man's A Dustman".

A.A. Gill's an arsehole
He really is a twat
*He wears a f***in' monocle*
— What a stupid prat!!
He wrote a load of bollocks
He wrote it back to front
And Doubleday just published it
*What a bunch of c****...*

Thank you.

Yours,
A.A. NON.

I-SPY

Submitted by Martin Wolff. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Tunnel vision

Sir,

It appears that your own correspondent in Israel was struck on the head by a flying rock, thrown by an unarmed Palestinian, and has thus lost contact with reality. The tunnel is not "yards from two of Islam's holiest shrines"; in fact it does not even go under any party of the "Temple Mount". It is entirely outside of the compound, running parallel to one of the walls.

This tunnel has existed for at least two thousand years, and archaeologists from all over the world are unanimous in support of its opening, and unanimous in confirming that it in no way threatens the stability of any other structures. It was therefore decided to open the door at the far end of the tunnel to facilitate access for those interested in the history and archaeology of Jerusalem. The left-wing former prime minister, Shimon Peres, has said that had he been reelected, he would also have opened the tunnel. So much for your elaborate international conspiracy theory.

The simple reality is that the tunnel is an irrelevance. If Palestinian police open fire on Israelis over such a triviality, no wonder many Israelis are doubting whether the Palestinians are interested in peace at all.

Yours faithfully,
JONATHAN BALCOMBE,
London.

Up till now

Sir,

In your otherwise excellent exposé of the political aspirations of ASDA supremo Archie Norman, you commit one particularly egregious error. Since May 1996, Tunbridge Wells is no longer a "true blue local council", more of a "ripe orange" since its Lib Dem takeover! But with half-empty Safeway, Sainsbury and Tesco supermarkets cluttering the town, and the recent rejection of a Co-op superstore, it's still dubious that it will get an ASDA.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN BULLION,
Tunbridge Wells.

Letters from Hong Kong

Sir,

Never let the facts get in the way of a hatchet job. But the accumulation of errors in your piece on me and THE SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST *(Street of Shame, 4 October) must set some kind of record.*

You kick off by saying I edited THE OBSERVER *"for" Peter Preston. On the contrary, my insistence on not editing the paper "for" Mr Preston was one reason I lost my job.*

The second paragraph says I became editor of THE SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST *"after" Murdoch sold it. Only in the sense that this letter is appearing "after" I left* THE OBSERVER. *Eighteen months elapsed between the sale of the paper and my appointment. Rather a protracted cause and effect.*

Then you get both the name and origin of the paper's principal shareholder wrong and tell us that Lee Kuan Yew is a former Prime Minister of China: everybody else thinks he's from Singapore.

On top of which you think the Governor of Hong Kong is the former Education Secretary, John Patten, rather than Chris. As for who has time for whom between the governor and myself, Mr Patten has made his disdain for my paper quite evident, while we have just run a six-page special section on his last policy address with an editorial applauding his defence of Hong Kong's autonomy, human rights and the rule of law.

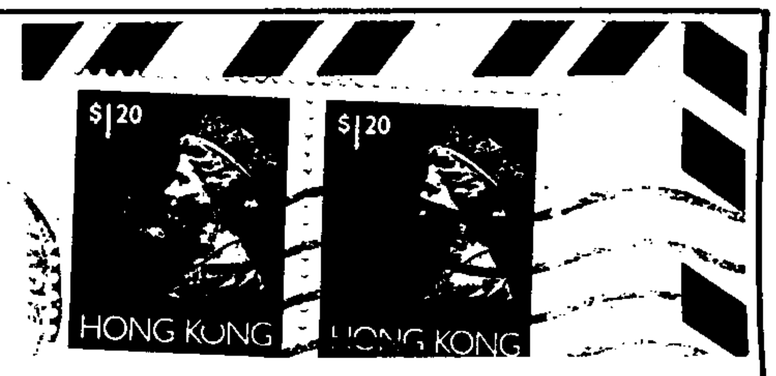
You then allege that I take a dim view of elections — in fact the paper has consistently supported full, democratic elections here, and did so again in an editorial a few days ago.

You say I won't publish a "scintilla" which could upset the authorities in Beijing. I can only suggest that, unlike those who wrote the piece, you take a look at the paper one of these days.

And so to the only grounds for putting me up for the Order of the Brown Nose stakes — the fact that THE POST *does not usually refer to the Tiananmen Square "massacre", with different journalists using various terms.*

I fear that, to take your criteria, I äm an OBN also-ran. One of Hong Kong's principal critics of China always writes of the "crackdown"; that well-known running dog of communism, TIME MAGAZINE, *recently wrote of the "showdown"; others simply talk of "Tiananmen Square" rather as one might talk of "Northern Ireland" in Britain with no need for a descriptive tag. And what's this on my desk? A copy of the daily bulletin of the Hong Kong Government Information Service (prop: C. Patten) which refers to Tiananmen as an "incident". Case rested, M'lud.*

Yours sincerely,
JONATHAN FENBY,
South China Morning Post.



Sir,

Re: Jonathan Fenby of the SCMP. *Please make these corrections:*

1. The owner of the SCMP *is Robert Kuok a Malaysian.*

2. Lee Kuan Yew is a former prime minister, but sadly for the Chinese not of China but Singapore.

3. Anything upsets the boys in Beijing and THE POST *has run many articles, commentaries and cartoons which would never see the light of day over the border.*

4. John Patten is not the governor of HK, Chris Patten is.

5. John, I mean Chris, submitted himself to an election in England which he lost and has been paying for it ever since, in the tropics on a tax-free salary which dwarfs his former boss John Major's salary!

So keep up the good work in pursuit of journalistic excellence.

STUART ALLEN,
Andover, Hants.

Sir,

Whoever wrote your Street of Shame piece on the SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST *in* EYE *908 doesn't know what he or she is talking about.*

The POST*'s owner is Malaysian, not Singaporean. Lee Kuan Yew is the former Singaporean prime minister, not former Chinese prime minister (although he is Chinese). The failed Tory MP now governor of Hong Kong is Chris Patten — John Patten is a different failed Tory MP.*

Apart from that, if the point of the article was to say how pro-Beijing the POST *has become, well it certainly leans more in that direction these days. But if it does not print anything that would upset the Butchers of Beijing, as your piece claims, how is it that the paper still gives frequent house-room to the views of such local democrats as Martin Lee, Christine Loh and Emily Lau, who are certainly not on the invitation list for Xinhua's cocktail parties?*

Yours faithfully,
ROD PARKES,
Hong Kong.

● ***We get the picture. Ed.***

Bear necessities

Sir,

On page 7 of EYE *908 you print a cartoon of Pooh telling Piglet about playing Pooh Sticks on the Internet. A virtual Pooh Sticks service has been available for some time on one of the many Web sites devoted to Winnie the Pooh: http://pooh.muscat.co.uk/pooh-sticks/*

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN J GOGGIN,
via email.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"You could hear everyone's eyebrows going higher and higher into their foreheads..."
Member of 'Piece by Piece', Radio 1
(Julie Patterson)

"Beethoven, Kurtag, Charles Ives, Debussy — four very different names."
Presenter, BBC Proms, Radio 3
(Richard Witts)

"You weigh up the pros and cons and try to put them in chronological order."
DAVE BASSETT, Radio 5 Live
(Julian Thake)

"Is it the way he left or the manner of his leaving?"
ANNA FORD, Radio 4
(Ken Harris)

Shane Ritchie: *What's your name?*
Contestant: *Eva.*
Shane Ritchie: *Short for?*
Contestant: *Eva.*
ITV
(Alastair Blair)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

MY PUBLICITY WILL BRING YOU A MASS FOLLOWING, MARCUS.
..YOUR NAME WILL BE ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS.
YOU BASTARD MARCUS
HANG MARCUS
DOWN WITH MARCUS
DEATH TO MARCUS
COME HERE, MARCUS

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"I am the Lord, the Creator of the Universe, and I know everything that needs to be known," Charles Oulette told Supreme Court Justice Selwyn Romilly in Victoria, British Columbia. "I am also the rightful King of Quebec and I can heal everything — AIDS, cancer, haemorrhoids, everything. Time does not exist. In 200 years I'll still be here. I'm here for eternity."

Oulette's story was corroborated by his co-defendant, Benoit Goulet, who was also charged with cultivating and possessing marijuana for the purpose of trafficking. "I am the Lord's son, and the brother of Jesus Christ. I was assassinated on 23rd January 1973, because I told people that my father was the Lord and they thought I was crazy. Since my resurrection, we have been growing plants to cure the world of everything. Every plant on Earth was created by my father. The jury must decide if I am to be found guilty of growing a plant. Yes, we are both omnipotent, but my father is more omnipotent than me."

After a short break, Mr Justice Romilly ordered an adjournment, pending psychological assessments of the two men. "It's a disgrace!" shouted Goulet as he was led away to the cells. "You do this to me because I am homosexual. But I will return as a rich man, and I intend to open a chain of stores called Boys R Us". *(The Pictorial, 7/7/96. Spotter — Steve Conway)*

—o—

"I would like to point out to the person who wrote the following message on a wall in a Catholic area in Lurgan to check the facts: 'The Jews had the Nazis, the Blacks had the Ku Klux Klan, and the Catholics have the Orange Order and the RUC.'

"Whoever wrote this on the wall seems to ignore the fact that Hitler was a devout Roman Catholic, that the Roman Catholic Church pushed him into power, and that Hitler worked closely with the Jesuits. The KKK was formed by Roman Catholic Confederate Army officers after the American Civil War and, led by Jesuits, is growing stronger every day. But it calls itself Protestant and claims to hate Jews, Catholics, and Blacks, to make Blacks suspicious of the Protestants and drive them into the arms of the Vatican and the new army of black Jesuits who are recruiting them across the US. The KKK is another masterpiece of the Jesuits.

"The Orange Order has never killed anyone in its history but the IRA has killed thousands. The RUC do not plan to kill or blow people up with bombs but the IRA do. How dare anyone compare the Orangemen or the RUC with Hitler and the KKK? David McAllister, Belfast 5." *(Belfast Telegraph, 5/9/96. Spotter — Paul Gracey)*

—o—

"By the time we saw the man, he was already climbing into the cage, and shouting that nobody loved him and nobody wanted his body," keeper Lin Ying-ling told reporters at Hong Kong's City Zoo. "Once he'd got inside, he undressed and knelt down in front of the tigress, and started crying and begging her to eat him. She looked at him for a while, then knocked him over and took a bite out of his right buttock, but then she spat it out and turned away and went back to sleep. She obviously didn't want his body either."

The unnamed man, who came from Shanghai, left shortly afterwards, limping heavily. (China News Agency, 14/8/96. Spotter — Anon)

compiled by

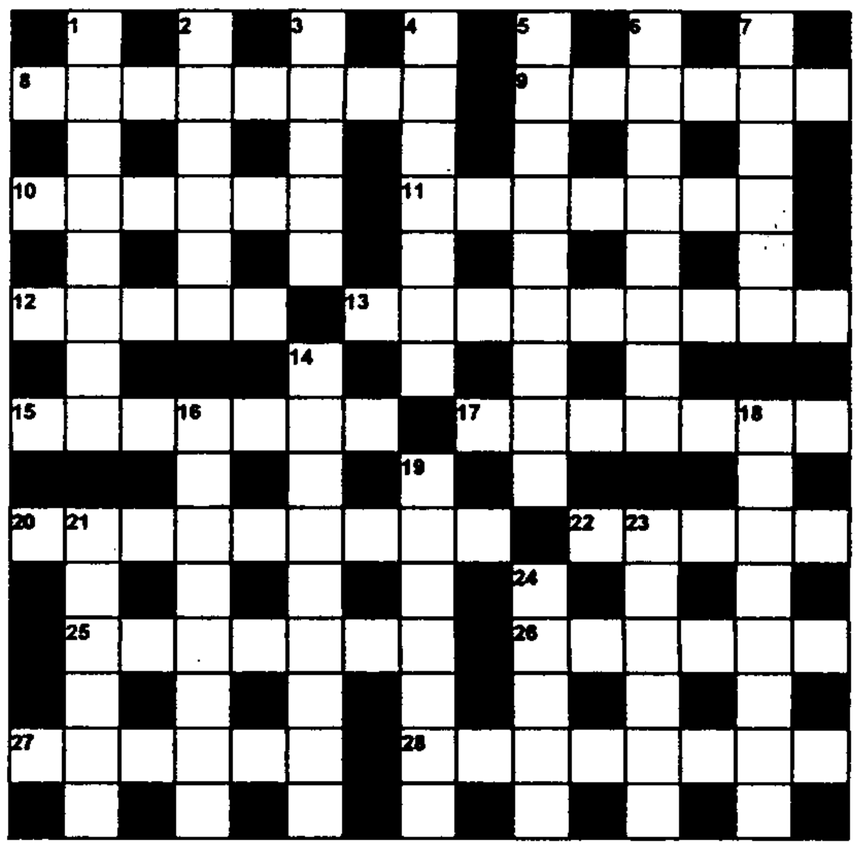
Victor Lewis-Smith

The Lottery Winners

TURNER

EYE CROSSWORD 64

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

8 Potty character following Blair? No! (4,4)
9 It's difficult performing with such a horn (4-2)
10 Seats dumped by arses (6)
11 Make a breakthrough in car crime? (3-4)
12/13 Going from one bed to another? Here's our regular health check (5,3,6)
13 (see 12)
15 Carry out a joint attack, terrorist fashion (7)
17 Geoffrey Howe famously a right soak! (4,3)
20 For a supposed can't miss devastating success, it's nicely turned out a failure (5,4)
22 Feeling sexy when immersed in river abroad makes you snap (5)
25 Vote-seeking politician's small bloomer? (7)
26 Toted by security-conscious tourists, being strapped for cash, etc.? (3,3)
27 Name one universal gay movement taking precedence in this country (6)
28 Nuts that don't correspond are still nuts (8)

DOWN

1 Liberal pledge, we hear, that's mildly erotic (4,4)
2 Time, yes, to talk fondly, Ian (finally) of Maxwell? (6)
3 Means screwed up smart arses? (5)
4 No matter which chief gets in, it would see off the government (7)
5 But don't expect definitive reflective articles from it (3,6)
6 A rich source for readers, Aitken's lot once? (8)
7 Sleazy bugger grabs divorcee after rain (6)
14 Never one to miss an appeal as a player, he's now to make another (3,6)
16 It'll take you to Brussels — but not Southgate, sadly, in '96? (8)
18 Guts involves embracing Right (8)
19 Conservative's last politician to take slip right off for a sovereign (7)
21 Where unfortunate perishers on the streets end up? (6)
23 Strip familiar communist leader on top of Pam's bust (3,3)
24 Place in California — Bo Derek's? (5)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 25.10.96. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 63

Winner: GEOFF HAMER

ACROSS: 5 Vampire 8 Pep pill 9 Minelli 11/1 Global warming 12 Unisex 13 Claptrap 15 No-fly zone 19 Lubyanka 20 Prague 21 Eggnog 23 Monarch 24 Crumpet 25 Lincoln.

DOWN: 1 (see 11) 2 Belgrano 3 Oppo 4 Al-Fatah 6 Penis envy 7 Rolex 10 Itchy palm 14 The rat race 16 Fine Gael 17 Buggery 18 Bushell 20 Pundit 22 Name.

CHANCELLOR WAS AT ST CAKES

Headmaster's rebuke to Major

by Our Education Staff **Lunchtime O'Levels**

AN ANGRY Mr Kipling, headmaster of the £35,000-a-term Midlands public school St Cakes (motto "Who pays, passes"), hit out last night at the Prime Minister for suggesting that Kenneth Clarke was a "state-school" boy.

"This is nonsense," he said, speaking from his book-lined study. "Clarke K. came to Cakes in 1953 on one of our Festival of Britain Assisted Bursaries. He was an outstanding pupil and Head of Jazz in the Lower Vth."

The proud headmaster showed me a yellowing copy of the school magazine, *The Cakeian*, showing a picture of the St Cakes' All-Stars Dixieland Foot-Tappers with the young "Jelly Roll" Clarke playing the trumpet. Next to him stood banjo-player C.J.P. Silvester-Smythe and tuba player E.F.B. "Hotlips" Hoffnung Minor.

Exceedingly Bad Jazz

"We are proud of the fact that the chancellor of this country was once treasurer of the Cakes' Keynes Society where he presented a paper apologising for losing all the Society's money on a horse at the 3.00 at Haydock Park."

Mr Kipling has written to the Prime Minister asking for a written apology.

WORLD'S MOST WANTED WOMAN WALKS FREE

by Our BBC Staff **'Call' Nick Dross**

THE world's least-wanted television presenter, Enid Rancid, was cleared yesterday by an internal BBC report after being accused of "fixing the evidence" in a documentary about a nursing home.

The accusation was brought against her by fellow BBC employee John Wareishenow and proved conclusively that Enid was a manipulative and dishonest broadcaster who should be sacked at once.

Whitewash City

The BBC agreed, but said that in her defence it had to be made clear that Enid made a lot of cheap programmes full of sentimental rubbish which people quite liked even if they weren't true.

Sir Pigland Blind is 94.

TORY DEFECT

Now on Reterendum Video

DAY OF THE JACKASS

Edward Fox is the Jackass, the ruthless deadly actor who is a master of disguise. One minute he is Edward VIII, the next he is Edward VIII again.

This time however he is hired by a mysterious group of Neo-Lunatics to terminate the Prime Minister.

Will he miss again?

Cast in full

The Jackass . . . . . **Edward Fox**
Monsieur "G" . . . **Charles Grey**
John Major . . . . **Michael Caine**
Man reading Punch . . . **Al Fayed**

SODOM ATTACK

God asked for apology

by Our Biblical Staff
Sodom Hussein and
John Selwyn-Gomorrah

Tuesday, 1000 BC

GAY rights organisations throughout the ancient world have launched the strongest possible protest at "an unprovoked homophobic assault on the popular cities of the plain known as Sodom and Gomorrah".

The two cities were reportedly completely wiped out by a massive dawn bombardment of fire and brimstone leaving everyone dead.

Thought for the Day of Judgement

Said a spokesman for the progressive Gay and Lesbian Pre-Christian Movement: "This is typical of the reactionary Old Testament approach that we have come to expect from Jehovah."

Autumn Best-Sellers

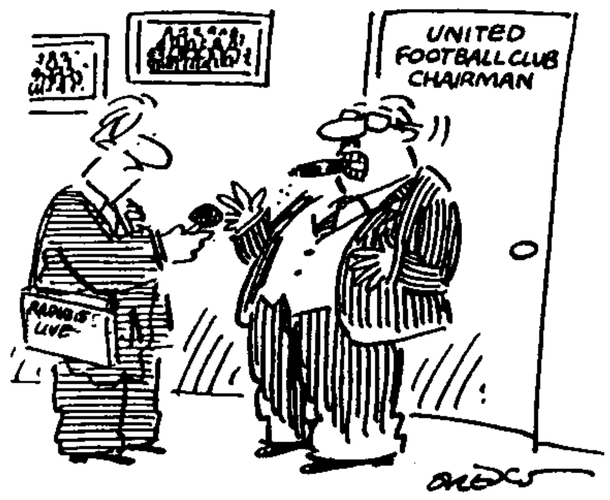
1. **Ned Sherrin's Diary**
RADIO's Naughty Ned takes us through his daily round of celebrity interviews, theatrical anecdotes, large dinners and agreeable rentboys *(shurely 'restaurants'? Ed). (Luvvie Press £14.99)*

2. **The Oxford Book of Ned Sherrin's Anecdotes**
RADIO's Naughty Ned tells us some more of his sparkling anecdotes, many of them for only the hundredth time. Join in once more in Ned's ceaseless whirl of celebrity interviews, agreeable dinners and large rentboys *(shurely 'cheques'? Ed). (Trouserpress £19.99)*

3. **Scratch Your Eyes Out by Ned Sherrin**
RADIO's Naughty Ned's first foray as a novelist. Basil Twinky is a writer and radio presenter who inhabits a colourful world of celebrity interviews, theatrical anecdotes and five-star rentboys *(shurely 'hotels'? Ed)*. Twinky moreover is a brilliant raconteur and the passage where he tells his story about Gertrude Stein and Ralph Richardson will leave you helpless with sleep. *(Random Cottage £48.99)*

4. **Jane Ayresher by Charlotte Brontë's-Biscuits**
IMPRESSIVE debut novel by Jane Ayresher in which heroine Jane, an impoverished former lover of Paul McCartney, meets and falls in love with the demented Mr Scarfechester. He locks her in a room where she has to make cakes all day and find new things to do with yoghurt. Soon to be a major film directed by Trevor Luvv with Helena Bonham-Carter as the cake and Jeremy Irons as the yoghurt. *(Books 'R Us £29.99)*

5. **Diary of a Nobody by Norris Norris**
THE former Transport Minister, Norris Norris, takes us behind the scenes into the fascinating world of the Transport Ministry. His amazing account of the A372 bypass controversy is nearly as dull as everything else in the book. As broadcast by Radio Bore's "A Book at Sleeptime" and read very badly by the author himself. *(Vanity Press £7.75)*



"Football, as someone said, is a funny old game — you win some, you sack some!"

The Secret CONFERENCE DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Saturday

I am not inconsiderably incandescent with rage. Just as we are setting off for Bournemouth for the most successful party conference in history, the Guardian newspaper has deliberately tried to ruin everything by making Mr Hamilton climb down and give up his libel action. He promised me that he would win the case, because he was entirely innocent. He rang me up this morning to say that he was still entirely innocent, but that unfortunately the Guardian had come up with a lot of evidence to prove that he wasn't. And anyway, he couldn't afford to carry on with the case, because his ex-friend Mr Al Fayed hadn't given him any money recently in brown envelopes.

Sunday

I have had a brilliant idea for drawing a line under the sleaze issue once and for all. I have decided that this whole business of Mr Hamilton being given money in brown envelopes is to be investigated very thoroughly and very carefully by Mr Sir Gordon Downey, who has agreed to report back whatever there is to report sometime after next May. This is very fortunate, since this will be after the election. When I told my wife Norman, she gave me a big smile and said: "That's brilliant, John. You mean you won't have to worry about it, because you won't be in Number 10." Once again she has missed the point. But the one thing that is certain is that nothing can now spoil the Conference.

Monday

I am once again incandescent with fury. Just as I was rehearsing my brilliant keynote speech, listing my achievements, ie the peace process in Northern Ireland, Mr Dr Mawhinney came in and said: "There's a bomb gone off, prime minister, in the middle of our top-security barracks." "That's terrible," I said. "Too right," he said. "It means I'll have to send back your speech to Mr Norris and tell him to drop the 'Achievement' section." "What about the economy?" I said, quick as a flash. "No, you can't use that, prime minister," he said in his funny Irish voice. "That's in Mr Clarke's Achievement section." "So, what have I got left?" I asked. For some reason Mr Mawhinney did not answer this question, but replied, touching his finger to his nose: "Don't you worry, prime minister, we've got a secret weapon up our sleeve." "Oh no," I said, "not Norman and her bits of frozen cheese in the ice-cream container. We tried that and it is very old cheese indeed." "No," he said. "You just wait till you come onto the platform tomorrow, and you will see what will win you the next election."

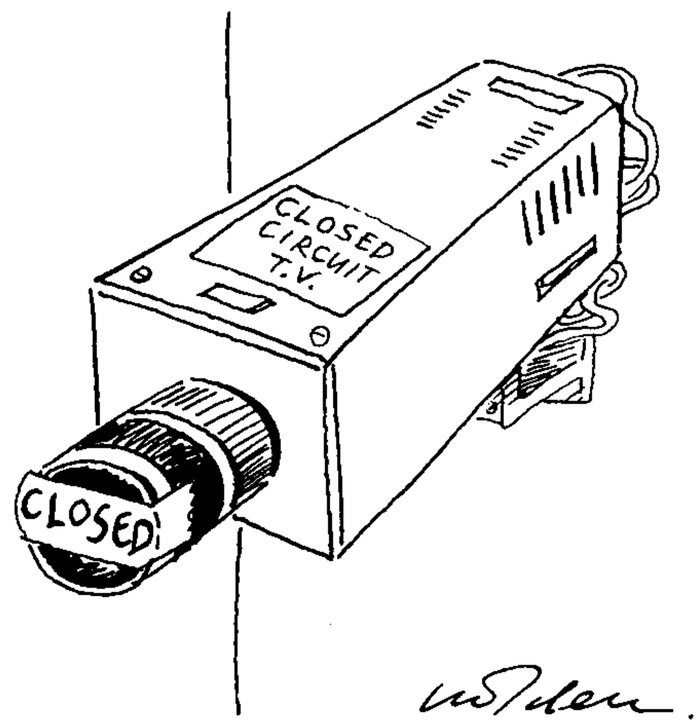
Tuesday a.m.

When I discovered what Mr Mawhinney meant by his secret weapon I was speechless with incandescence. I walked onto the stage and I was very pleased to hear a huge roar of applause, with people leaping to their feet all over the hall. And then I noticed that coming on from the other side was Lady Thatcher. She walked up to me and said loudly: "Let's get cracking and unite against the real enemy, Herr Kohl." Luckily this last bit was drowned in the applause.

Tuesday p.m.

But from then on the conference was a tremendous success. Every single speaker was totally behind my government. On every issue. I had not realised how popular we are. We had very interesting speeches from my friends Mr Howard, Mr Hogg, Mr Haig, Mr Heseltine and lots of other ministers whose names begin with "H", although not sadly Mr Hurd, who is now working for a bank like I used to, and did not have time to come to our conference.

The only in my judgement not inconsiderably irritating thing was that because of some defect in the sound-proofing, our very interesting and serious debates in the hall, which were listened to in rapt silence, kept on being interrupted by noises from outside. Obviously there were a lot of other meetings going on nearby which were very noisy and badly-organised. We could hear huge cheers, rounds of applause and cries of "Britain, Britain, Britain, out, out, out," which must have been something to do with football. Also there were a lot of noisy farmers who must have been attending their annual dinner and I suspect had had too much to drink, because they kept on trying to get into our conference hall riding on their tractors.



Wednesday a.m.

My friend Mr Howard, who has had such success with his latest 8,412-Point Plan for Bringing Back Law and Order, was looking strangely excited at breakfast this morning. "Did you see the two Normans last night, John?" he said. "They were fantastic." I had to tell him that I do not have time to watch comedy programmes on the television, as I am far too busy preparing my impromptu remarks for my relaxed, jackets-off, meet the people session which Dr Mawhinney has been rehearsing for this afternoon as his latest secret weapon to win the next election. "No, prime minister," said Mr Howard. "I'm talking about Tebbit and Lamont." "So's everyone," my wife Norman chipped in. "Apparently they had 2000 there last night for their Get Britain Out Now meeting."

Wednesday late at night (9 p.m.)

My impromptu walk-about went exactly as planned. My favourite bit was when I went into the audience and asked them what they thought of Mr Blair, and a woman in a blue suit replied "Well, what do you think of him, Mr Major?" Then I was able to come back with this brilliant reply which Mr Norris had thought up during our brainstorming session last night, "I never think of Mr Blair because we're going to win the next election". That shut her up pretty effectively I can tell you!

Wednesday very late at night (12 p.m.)

My brother Terry called in to the hotel uninvited saying he just happened to be passing and told me he

was looking for items for his new Daily Mail column.

"I am very busy," I said. "That's it," he said. "Well done, John. I will write a piece about you being very busy."

He rang up later when I was asleep having a funny dream about finding Mrs Thatcher in the fridge eating all my cheese. He wanted to make sure he had got the facts in his article right.

"Say whatever you like," I told him. "I am trying to get some sleep."

"That is another brilliant story," he said. "I will put that in my column as well. Can I ring you later to confirm it?" I told the switchboard not to put any more calls through.

Thursday

Today is the Grand Climax of the Conference. "Everyone is waiting for the leader's speech," I told my wife Norman. "He gave it yesterday," she said, "and he was brilliant."

"Don't be silly," I said. "That was Mr Clarke, and he was only given a standing ovation because people feel sorry for him. *My* speech is today, and my theme will be that I am an ordinary man."

"You certainly are," she said, giving me a frozen cheese sandwich to take on the platform in case I got hungry.

Friday

My speech went in my judgement extremely well indeed. Mr Morris Norris had written some first-rate jokes making fun of Mr Blair that were so funny that everyone kept quiet in order to hear the next one! There was a really brilliant one where I took off my jacket and said: "Mr Blair wants to be Prime Minister. I say to him: 'Oh no. The job is already taken.' "

At this point for some reason Mr Clarke stood up and everybody laughed. Then I said that Tony Blair was a "stuck-up public school toff" whereas Mr Clarke and I had to make our own way in the world as "grammar school boys".

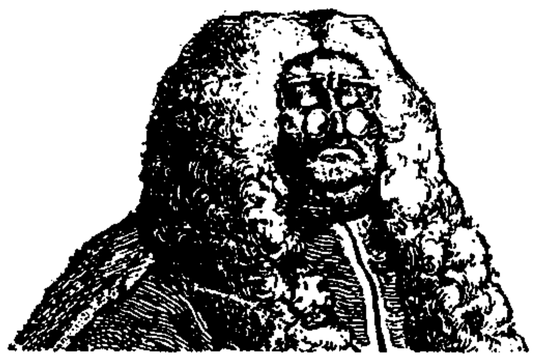
Saturday

Unfortunately Mr Clarke has let me down again. Apparently he did not go to grammar school at all. He went to an independent school just like Mr Blair. No wonder that neither of them will ever be Prime Minister.

Sunday

Hooray! Damon Hill has won the World Motor Driving Championship. As I said to Norman: "At last we have a British hero who doesn't come second to the Germans every time."

This diary is not a hoax. An elaborate forgery of John Major's Diary appeared in last week's Spectator, supposedly written by the Prime Minister himself. We would like to apologise for this.



IN THE COURTS

What You Missed When the Hamilton/Greer Libel Action Collapsed

Day 94: Guardian Newspapers vs Neil Hamilton & Ian Greed

Sir Robertson Jeffries QC: M'Lord, I should like to call my first witness — Mr Mohammed Al-Fayed, one of the greatest living Englishmen.

(At this point an odd-looking man of Egyptian origin entered the court with a Harrods Food Hall bag from which he extracted large wads of £20 notes which he proceeded to hand out to the Jury and the Judge)

Fayed *(for it is he)*: Just a little something for you from your old friend Mohammed.

Justice Cocklecarrot: This is most improper.

Fayed: Then go fuck yourself, you stuck-up fuckhead.

Sir Robertson: I do apologise profusely, my lord, for my witness's behaviour. He is new to this country and is not familiar with our ways. Now Mr Fayed will you tell the court what is your name?

Fayed: My name is Prince Mohammed Fayed Burlington-Smythe, the son of King Fayed the Magnificent, Ruler of the Seven Seas and Pharaoh of the Twelve Tombs.

Sir Charles Greyman: M'Lud, I submit on behalf of Mr Hamilton and Mr Greed that this is nothing but a pack of lies. The man before the court is none other than the notorious Alexandrian carpet bagger Mr Shufti Al-Kruk.

Fayed: You fucking bastard. I'll never give your Mr Hamilton another fucking penny.

Cocklecarrot: Mr Fayed, if there are any more of these unsavoury outbursts I shall have to charge you with contempt of court.

Fayed: That's all right boss. You can charge me what you like. I've got plenty of money.

(Mr Fayed at this point passed the Judge another bundle of notes)

Usher: Shall I mark this Bundle "B" your honour?

Cocklecarrot: I think it is time for luncheon.

Fayed: Good idea! Everyone come to the Ritz. It's all on me. Lotsa luvly girls! Plenty good jig-a-gig! Filthy postcard anyone?

(The case continued for several weeks)

Tutankhamen Behaving Badly

From The Referendum Bunker

Bulletin No 94

Achtung!

So Mr Major-Bond, the clock ticks away to your doom!

And still you go off to the seaside and pretend that all is well. You fool!

That attractive woman who was all over you at the Conference Hall, Maggie Galore.

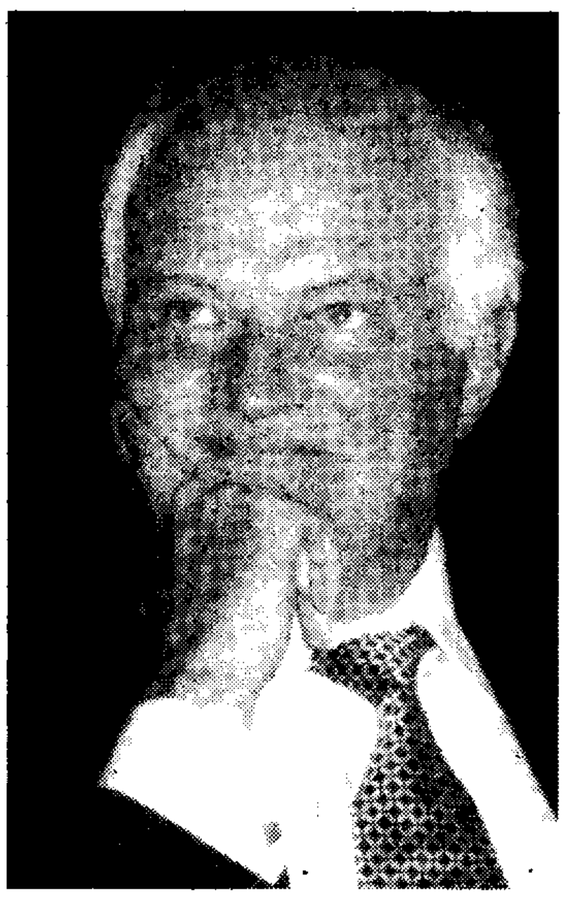
You thought she had fallen for your masculine charms, nicht wahr?

Oh Mr Bond, you disappoint me once again. You are so easily tricked.

Have you never heard of a double-agent? Maggie Galore is working only for one master in this game. Me! Sir Golden Syrup!

And now, Mr Bond, I have another little surprise for you. Carla, show in our new friend.

(Gina Lollobrigida lookalike in traditional Zulu



leather mini-skirt ushers in portly Scottish playboy in yellow hard hat)

I think you remember the former Chief Fund Raiser for your Conservative Party, Lord McAlpine.

Yes, Mr Major-Bond, he is just the latest of the constant stream of defectors to my ever-growing army of Marmite soldiers.

So much better to be on the winning side, isn't it, Mr Bond. But you will never know!

Show our visitor your little party trick, Oddbob.

(The Lord McAlpine takes off hard hat and hurls it across underground cavern at swarthy greek waiter who is decapitated...)

Carla, remove what is left of poor Mr Taki and throw the remains to Mr Aspinall's killer giraffes.

He did not duck in time. Let it be a lesson to you, Mr Bond. This is what happens to those who do not get out of my way.

And now I have one more treat in store for you. A little film show. From your own BBC. The longest party political broadcast ever shown in the history of the world.

(Giant telescreen rises from lake of volcanic jam and BBC announcer says: "And now Panorama, which tonight is a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of Sir Barmy Fish-Head's Referendum Party". Major-Bond writhes in agony on floor)

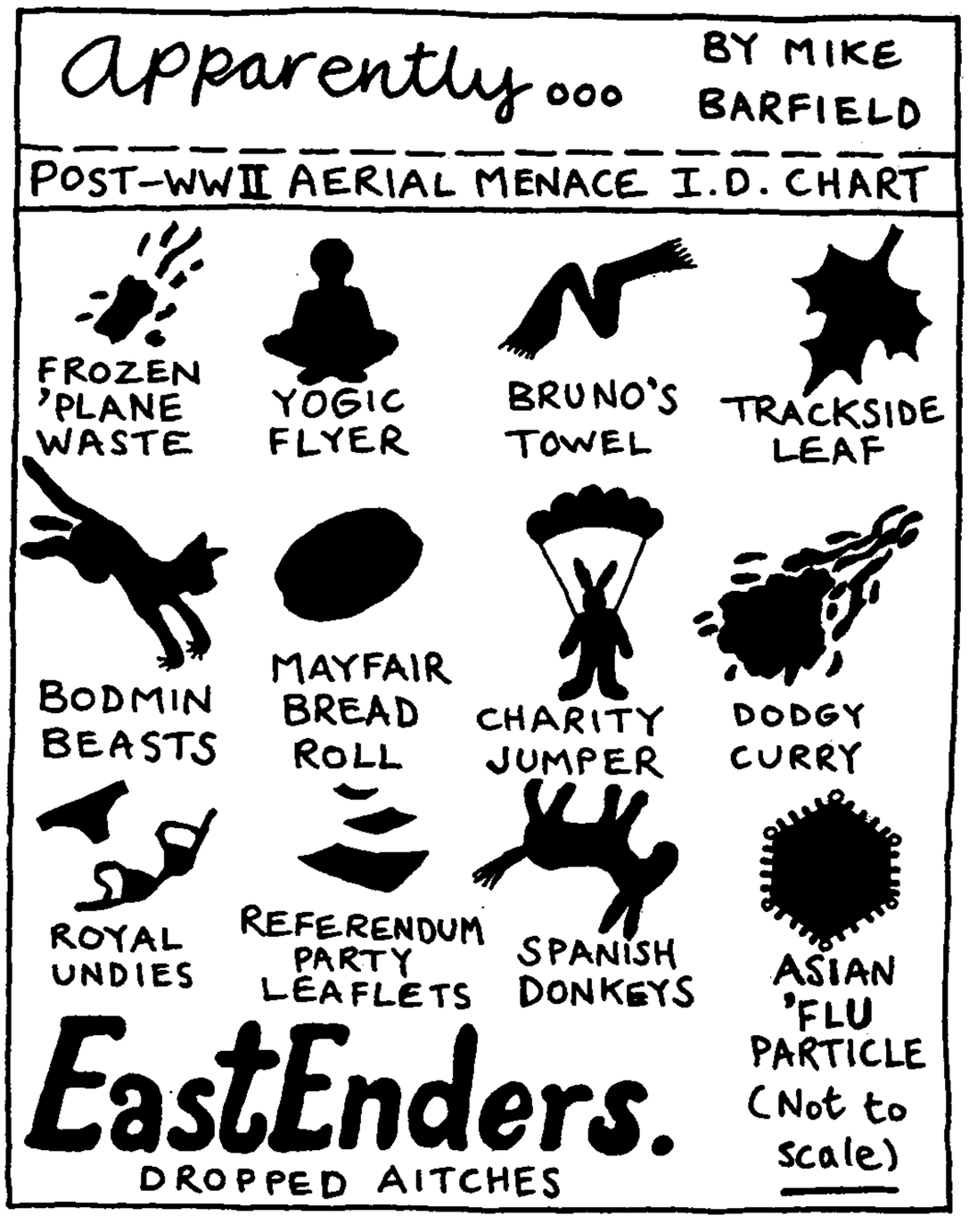
I must leave you to die, Mr Bond. So sad. I must go off to Brighton for my spectacular appearance before my thousands of screaming followers. Goodbye Mr Bond. As always, I have so enjoyed our little talk. Start the countdown Carla.

(Sultry temptress, who is now wearing one-piece PVC bikini and white thigh-length boots, activates giant nuclear time-bomb due to explode if Britain joins the Single European Currency)

Issued by the Referendum Party of Great Britain

Room No 4013, Dorchester Hotel, London

(The theme tune this time is adapted from J.S. Bach's Goldfinger Variations)



A Doctor writes

AS A Doctor, I am often asked: "Doctor, what's wrong with me?" The simple answer is: "I haven't got time to tell you. I'm too busy writing a piece for the Daily Telegraph."

What happens is that the doctor is suffering from verbal diarrhoea, or 'Dalrymple's Syndrome', as it is known in the medical profession.

When asked by newspapers to write on any subject from the Single European Currency to the Scotland/Estonia football match, the doctor is unable to say "No".

The doctor then has to do night shifts as well as an 80-hour week, and this results in the doctor's column being extremely tired indeed.

If you find your doctor is writing too much, you should seek a second opinion piece in the Times.

© *Doctor Theodore Le Stuttaford.*

Creche

Before you anything away, please think of the creche. We need towels, shelving, toys and books for under 3s, and, in particular, a guillotine.

EXCLUSIVE

LOVE ROMP VIDEO A HOAX

by Our Hoax Staff **Stewart 'Borman' Stevens** and
Hugh 'Hitler's Diary' Very-Ropey (now known as Lord Paul Dacre)

A SENSATIONAL set of shock pictures published yesterday in the daily press was a complete fabrication by a team of very clever hoaxers, we can reveal.

The pictures purported to show John Major and Lady Thatcher engaging in intimate displays of affection in their hideaway conference centre in Bournemouth.

SHOCK

The couple are seen kissing, holding hands and whispering in each other's ears.

At one point Lady Thatcher is wearing nothing but a blue suit and a handbag, while Major sports only a grey suit and a pair of glasses.

But we can reveal that these pictures are nothing less than a fake, designed to hoodwink the British electorate into thinking that Lady Thatcher likes Mr Major.

The pictures are believed to be the work of a sinister, Ulster-born black propagandist, known in intelligence circles only as "Doctor Mawhinney".

HO-HO-HOAX

Last night an expert who had examined the pictures for several seconds told us: "These pictures should not have fooled anyone for a moment.

"You have only to look at the expression on the woman's face to see that she is acting a part.

"The man pretending to be the prime minister is even more unconvincing."

ON OTHER PAGES: Those Love-Romp Pix That Wouldn't Fool A Three-Year-Old 2-94

"Good morning. Have you ever considered taking the righteous path to a healthier, more natural hairwash...?"

ICELAND FLOODS
New hope say scientists

by Our Volcanic Staff **Dame Etna Everage** and
TV's Award-Winning Crackatoa

BRITISH scientists have come up with a last-minute scheme to stem the volcanic floods which are threatening to engulf the whole of Iceland.

At the Fayed Institute for Volcanology in Kensington, top professor Peter McLava has devised an ingenious plan to absorb the floods and "put a lid on the volcano".

A squad of helicopters will fly over the site and drop millions of unsold copies of *Punch*, the humorous magazine, into the erupting crater.

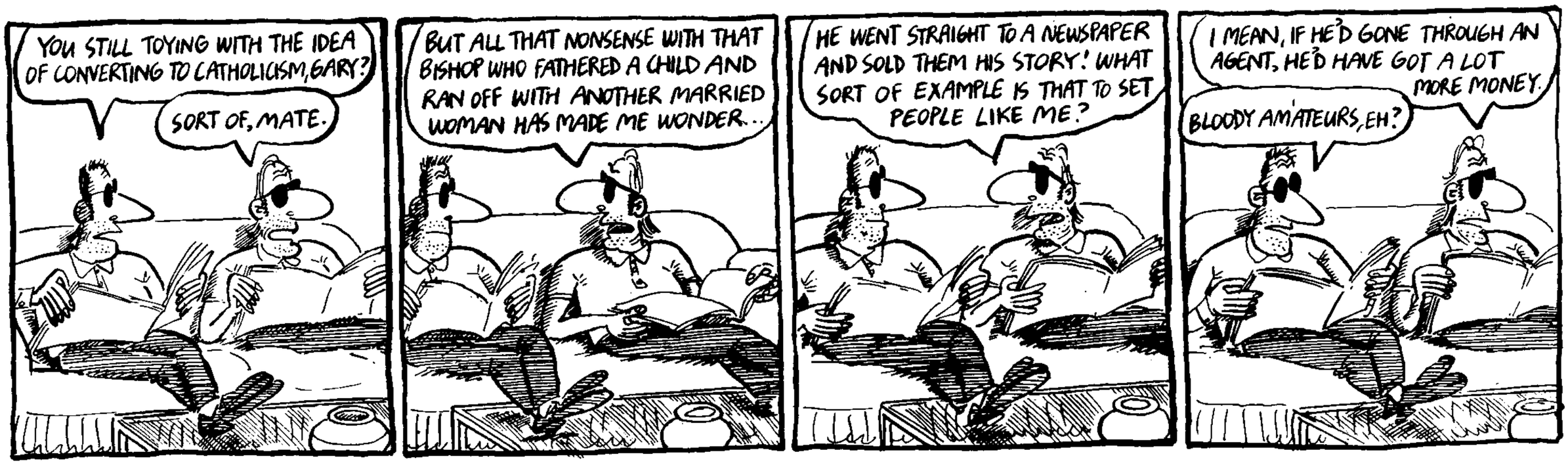
Snow Good

Professor McLava explains: "In the sub-zero temperatures, the magazine's porous and spongy content will act as a sort of blotting paper, soaking up the lava and then freezing to form a huge continental shelf millions of miles long."

Professor McLava is –59°.

Celeb

LIGGER


YOU STILL TOYING WITH THE IDEA OF CONVERTING TO CATHOLICISM, GARY?
SORT OF, MATE.
BUT ALL THAT NONSENSE WITH THAT BISHOP WHO FATHERED A CHILD AND RAN OFF WITH ANOTHER MARRIED WOMAN HAS MADE ME WONDER...
HE WENT STRAIGHT TO A NEWSPAPER AND SOLD THEM HIS STORY! WHAT SORT OF EXAMPLE IS THAT TO SET PEOPLE LIKE ME?
I MEAN, IF HE'D GONE THROUGH AN AGENT, HE'D HAVE GOT A LOT MORE MONEY.
BLOODY AMATEURS, EH?

SCOTT FAILS TO REACH SOUTH COAST

by Our Antarctic Staff **Lunchtime O'Ates**

THE LEGENDARY British explorer Sir Nicholas Scott last night failed in his epic bid to walk the 200 yards from the Irish Embassy party to his hotel on the South Coast in Bournemouth.

He had set off fully prepared with provisions, carrying inside his stomach ten cases of Guinness and three bottles of Irish Whiskey.

But very soon he felt under the weather, and his vision was distorted by a blizzard of swirling buildings that seemed to fly around him.

He pitched base camp on the side of the road and then unwisely wandered off. He fell down a pavement and was found dead drunk in the gutter.

His last words on leaving the party were: "I'm passing out now. I may be some time."

Sir Nicholas Scott is 70 proof.

10 THE INDEPENDENT AT 10

Over the past 10 years the Indescribablyboring has brought you some of the most boring stories ever to appear in British journalism. Do you remember?

● 1986. Andreas Whittam-Strobes investigates a new threat to Britain's Cheese Industry.

● 1988. "The Lymeswold Saga". Andreas Whittam-Strobes begins a ten-week analysis of Britain's cheese crisis.

● "Say Cheese". Godfrey Hodgson looks at the link between the Conservative Party and the all-powerful Cheese Lobby.

● 1992. Alexander Chancellor launches the new-look Independent Magazine with black-and-white photos of Welsh cheeses, especially taken by Lord Snowdon.

● 1993. Stephen Glover re-launches the Sunday Independent with award-winning headline HARD CHEESE, MRS THATCHER, a fearless exposé of Tory cheese *(shurely 'sleaze'? Ed)*.

● 1994-1996. Millionaire David Montgomery sacks everyone.

(That's enough highlights. Ed.)

NO-SHOW NEASDEN IN WORLD CUP FIASCO

by **E.I. Erewedon'tgo**, Our Man Somewhere Else

THE WORLD of soccer was rocked to its foundations last night when Neasden fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) were witness to one of the most bizarre incidents ever to have taken place on the hallowed turf of Neasden Bridge.

When referee Sid Himmler blew his whistle to signal the start of the first leg of the North Circular Relegation League World Cup, there was only one side on the park — Dollis Hill — and the yellow shirts of Ron Knee's legendary squad were nowhere to be seen. According to the rules, Dollis Hill were awarded all three points and, without a ball being kicked, Neasden's chances of advancing in this, the world's most prestigious football tournament, were in ruins.

Neastonia

Said a visibly distraught Sid Bonkers: "Now I have seen it all, or rather I haven't. There have been many games when the lads have only turned up for the last few minutes, but never have they not showed. It is my worst nightmare come true, that is, apart from waking up next to Doris."

But where were the eleven men of Neasden when the game should have kicked-off as planned? "I make no secret of it," explained an ashen-faced Ron Knee later at the Boston Arms.

You'll Never Walkover Alone

"We were all here. The squad dropped in as usual during training for the odd pint or two and, before we knew it, the host was telling me someone from the club was on the blower saying the match was over. I know we have let the fans down but at least this way we avoid subjecting them to the humiliation of another massive defeat."

Ron Knee is 59.

LATE SCORE

A.F.C. Neasden 0

Dollis Hill 0

Match Void.
Pools Panel Verdict: Away Win.

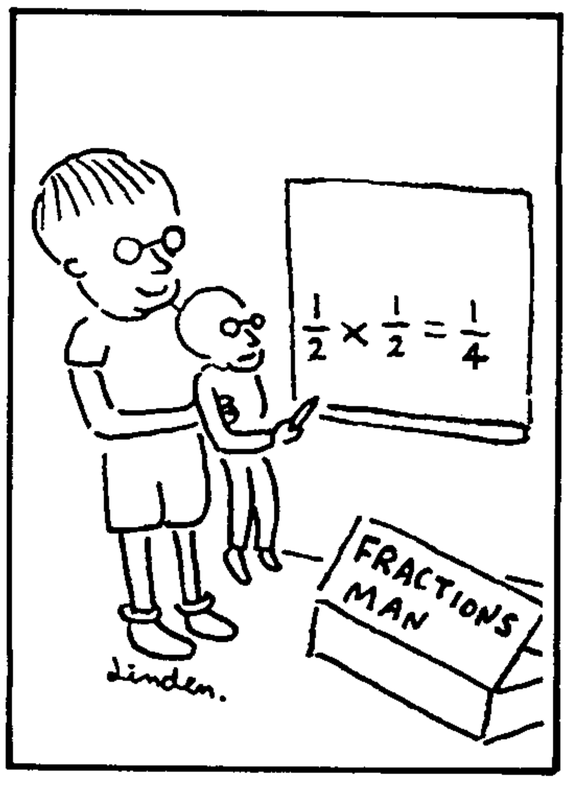
Late News

HAMILTON ADMITS 'I TOOK VOTES'

EX-TORY minister Neil Hamilton shocked the world yesterday by admitting that he was guilty of openly accepting votes from local constituents when he should have been representing affluent foreign businessmen.

The shocking truth was revealed to one of Hamilton's business associates, who was later quoted as saying: "This is an absolute disgrace! I've always been loyal to the man and I've always gone down to the local cashpoint booth in order that I might exercise my democratic right to bribe an MP. This'll be the last time he gets my loot, I can tell you!"

(Reuters)



SUN REVEALED AS 'HOAX'

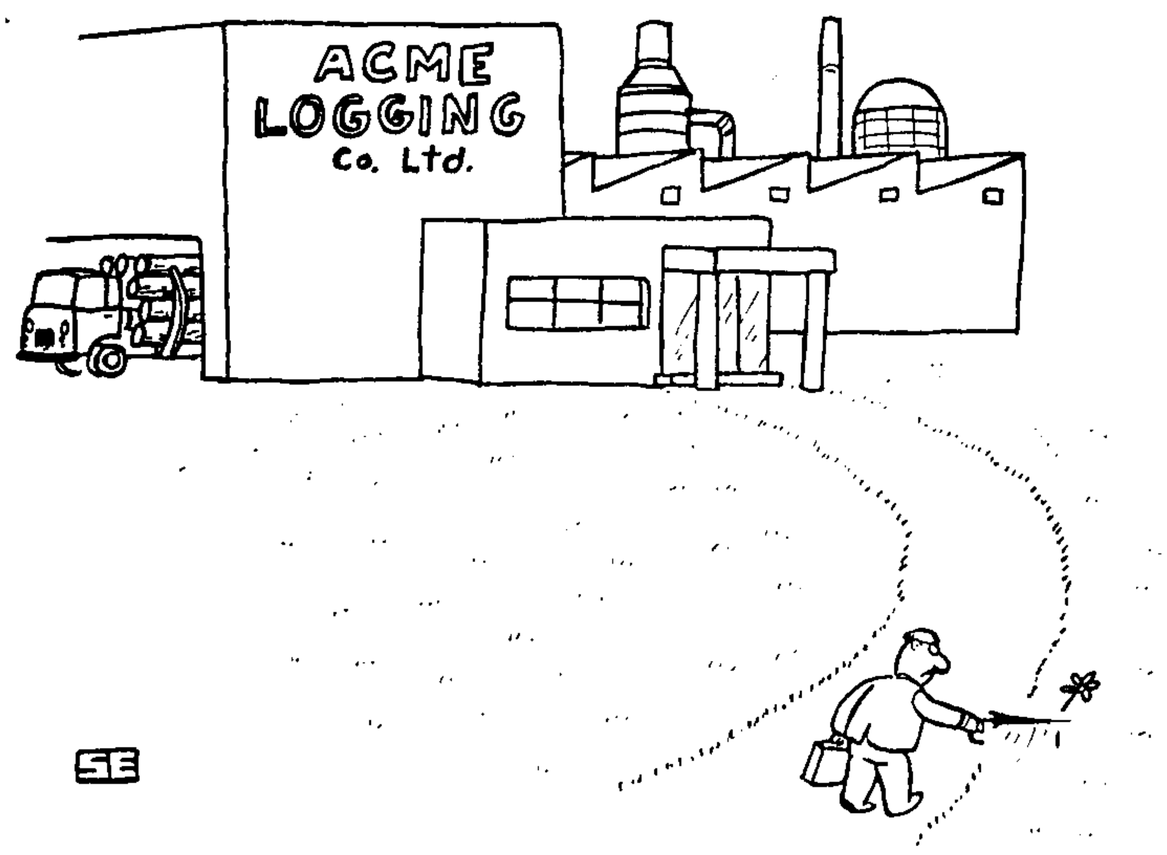
by **Monty Video,**
Our Man In Uruguay

TODAY we can reveal that a black-and-white publication which for 25 years has been purporting to be a newspaper is in fact a gigantic hoax perpetrated on the public by a sinister Australian-born lunatic.

It now turns out that, after five minutes of investigation, the Sun has never been a newspaper at all.

It is merely a collection of pictures of women in their underwear accompanied by exhortations to vote Conservative by various clapped-out old hacks.

FULL STORY — page 94



TV HIGHLIGHTS

Kezza's Coming Home BBC2

REMARKABLE video record of Kenneth Clarke's triumphant year in the England first team. Originally perceived as a fat, boorish figure of fun, Kezza emerges as a sophisticated man of letters whose immense talent in the economics field has for too long been overshadowed by his boozing, hanging around in jazz bars and support for the Single European Currency. His best mate Helmut "Five Bellies" Kohl gives a rare insight into the man who possesses the coveted No 11 door.

National TV Awards ITV

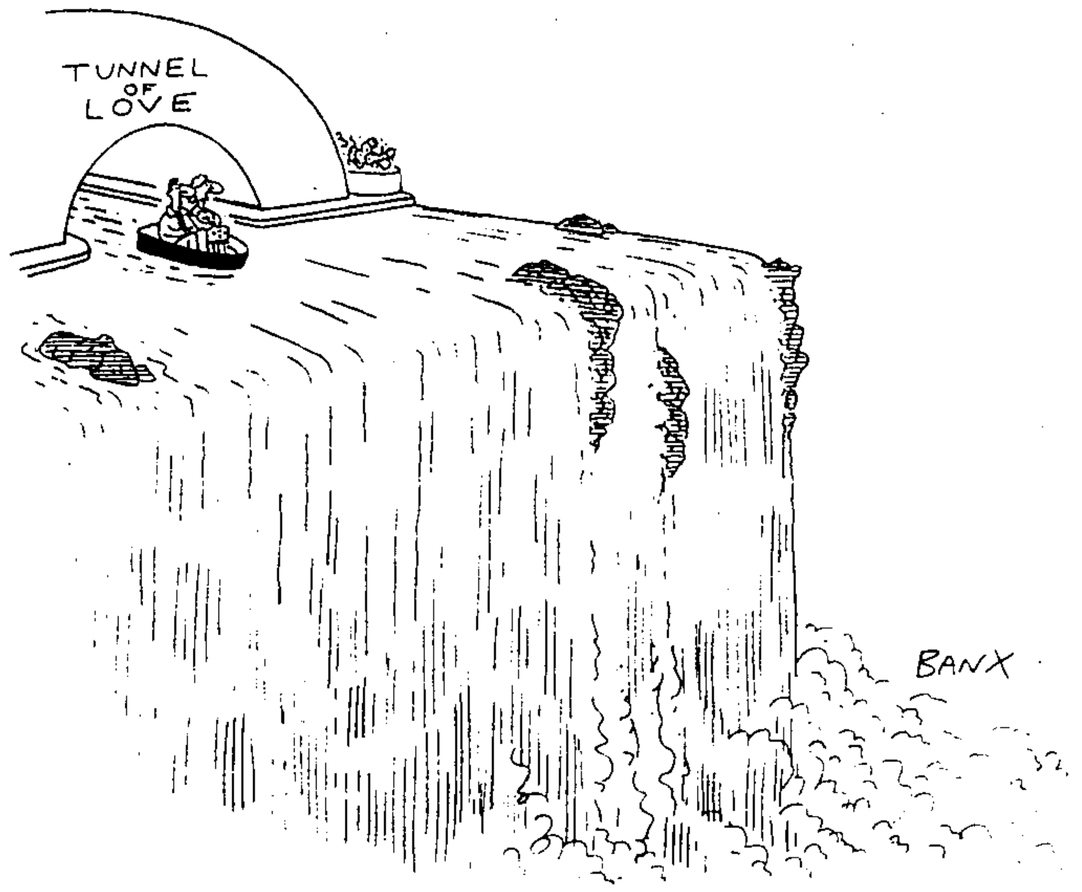
Readers of the Sun vote for the awards that recognise the very best in British televisual art. Nominations include:

Best Drama
News At Ten
Trevor Macdonald
They Think It's All Over

Best Actor
Coronation Street
Mr Blobby
Channel 4 Racing

Best Factual Series
EastEnders
Playboy Channel
Barbara Windsor

Worst Programme of the Year
The National TV Awards
(shurely shome mishtake? Ed)



Notes & Queries

QUESTION: Why are new shirts full of pins? — *Mrs Ludmilla Netanyahu, Stoke Newington*

☐THIS custom dates back to ancient Athens when a group of laundry women sought their revenge on the lecherous King Pentos by filling his shirts with poisoned pins. Pentos pulled on the shirt and was immediately pricked to death. The incident was incorporated into the famous Greek Drama "The Laundrywomen" by the Tragedian Stassinopoulos. — *Professor Reginald Van Heusen, Pinner, Middlesex.*

☐I TAKE issue with Professor Van Heusen on the pin question. This is I am sorry to say yet another consequence of our membership of the EU. Under directive 747382/b British shirts are obliged to contain a minimum of 15 pins solely in order to protect the grossly inefficient Spanish Pin Industry. — *C.J.P. Booker, Dunfishin, Dorset.*

QUESTION: Why do flies buzz? — *Rev. Winifred Winnifreth, Wiltshire.*

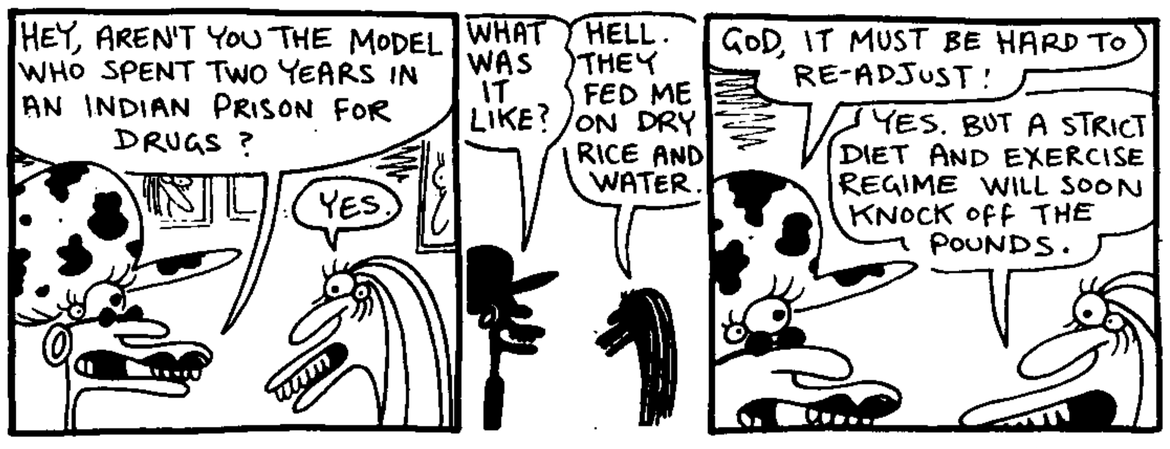
☐THE male fly has a special second tongue which vibrates at 9 million VRMs per second to produce a constant humming noise which attracts the female fly and also people with rolled-up copies of the Guardian. — *Sir David Attenborough, Room 101, BBC.*

QUESTION: Is it true that the first light bulb was square? — Kevin Rusbridger, Farringdon Road, London.

☐YES. The original "Luminous Lighting Chamber" was invented in 1899 by a British scientist, Sir Clive Sinclair-Stevenson, an eccentric recluse who also devised the world's first electrically heated trousers. The lighting chamber was indeed square, made with panes of glass from Sinclair-Stevenson's greenhouse, and lit a small room for at least three seconds before exploding. It was in such an accident that Stevenson, wearing the electric trousers, was blown into his fish pond where he met an untimely death. His idea was later pirated by the German-American entrepreneur Otto Von Lightbulb. — *A.P. Rushton, curator of the National Light Bulb Museum, Osram House, Osram-on-Trent, Staffs.*

NEXT WEEK: Answers please: Can fleas swim? Is it true that Beethoven had a wooden leg? What does the 'N' stand for in A.N. Wilson?

SUPERMODELS KERBER


HEY, AREN'T YOU THE MODEL WHO SPENT TWO YEARS IN AN INDIAN PRISON FOR DRUGS ?
YES.
WHAT WAS IT LIKE?
HELL. THEY FED ME ON DRY RICE AND WATER.
GOD, IT MUST BE HARD TO RE-ADJUST!
YES. BUT A STRICT DIET AND EXERCISE REGIME WILL SOON KNOCK OFF THE POUNDS.

DIARY

Interestingly, all the babies born — like me — in 1946 will be reaching 50 this year. 1946 was a good crop — Cher, Edwina Currie, Felicity Kendal, Hayley Mills, Sue Lawley, the woman second from the right in the last Dulux ad, you must have seen it, and one of the lunchtime newsreaders on Sky TV. Of this extraordinary list, over half have published books, one has had a string of number one hit records, two have had starring roles in television or on film, and all are household names, except perhaps the last two, who undoubtedly would be if they were better known. Not bad for a single generation, eh? But then my generation have never been frightened of the big questions. Who am I? What am I doing here? To be nor not to be? Do you know where you're going to? What's it all about, Alfie? How do you do what you do to me? What's the story, morning glory?

Interestingly, as a generation, I've come to realise we've simply got to let go, we've really got to. But let go of what? I'll tell ya. We've really got to let go of this feeling that we've got to let go. 'Cos to me that's what letting go is really all about.

Interestingly, venturing bravely towards my fiftieth year, never letting a day go by without somehow living through it, crossing this boundary like a thicket in a forest or a thicket to ride, I've gained a unique insight into some of life's deeper mysteries. I have a God-shaped hole in my universe, but what shape is God? To me, he is long and triangular with deep ridges, a bit like a bar of Toblerone, but probably without the nougat. I have a friend, a Christian, who understands my deep longing for God and failure to find him. "Have you looked everywhere?" she asks, imploringly. "What about under the fridge?" When I pray, it is to the Universe, vast and implacable though it is. The Earth itself is my Christ, with the air we breathe the Holy Spirit, the oceans, the major cities and buildings God the Father, and the smaller things like villages, boats, holiday destinations and home furnishings evenly divided between the Three Kings and the Shepherds.

Interestingly, life is like stumbling into a strange room in the dark. Out of habit, you grope for the light switch, but instead turn on the stereo, waking the dog, which, barking, leaps up and knocks over the china bowl you

BEL MOONEY AT 50

have just bought for next to nothing at the antiques fair. Unknowingly, you step on a shard of china, yelp, and jump up and down, your shoulder unwittingly rubbing against the light switch causing the light to come on after all. Why don't more people have the courage and vision to see that this is what life is like? Sometimes I worry that we have taught our children so-called "self-expression" but we have not passed on our order and discipline, and there is no logic to their thought.

Interestingly, in my long, long voyage of self-discovery, there's one great lesson I've learnt, and it's this. Do what you did do, don't do what you didn't do. That's just one of the thoughts that came to me in a flash last night, while I was listening to the great Manfred Mann song Doo-Wah Diddy Diddy Dum Diddy Doo on the stereo. In many deep and unfathomable ways, those classic tracks remain truly inspirational to my generation.

Interestingly, it's a generational thing. For Chrissake, don't get me wrong. We had our faults, my generation, of course we did. We were too optimistic, too generous, too idealistic, too artistic, too full of a whole lotta love we just had to share with everyone, young and old, black and white, rich and poor. Aged seventeen, I had a burning desire to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony and follow through the autumn breeze, oh, peace throughout the land. But look at it another way. My generation was the last not to grow up punch-drunk on television and videos. If we saw an old lady trying to cross the street, we wouldn't mug her and rape her and leave her for dead, we'd light her a joss stick, take her to the top of the building and teach her to fly. My generation didn't go around bombing the Empire State building or creating havoc in supermarkets by poisoning tins of baby food. Instead, there were three things we got our rocks off on: reading and arithmetic. But the younger generation are leaving school firstly iliterate and thirdly inumerate. What we gonna do 'bout it? That's the question. But is it the answer?

Interestingly, it's taken me a full fifty years to discover the humility that seems to me essential to any understanding of my true worth. And suddenly — as I pass my fiftieth birthday, an anniversary that when I was thirty seemed like years away — I have discovered rage. And you know the best advice anyone's every given me? A dear friend took me to one side, turned down the Hendrix on the stereo, put her hands lovingly around my neck and said, "Bel, you must *act your rage*". And I've been following that advice ever since. I rage at the way a single match can act as a flame to a powder keg, drowning it in an ocean of despair. I rage at the way we are turning this planet of ours into a place where several trees must be torn down before the paper can be found to print my passionate message to the planet: please, please, please save our trees. I rage at the way we are denying our old folk their dignity with a patronising blend of condescension, cliche and sentimentality, bless their cotton socks. I rage at the way it takes me two hours to get to the By-Pass Protest group in a journey that should take just half an hour. Where to stop? There's no time to stop. Thirty? Nah — I don't wanna be thirty again. Not with the fire in me now.

Interestingly, I'm a more modest, unassuming and self-doubting person now than I've ever been. It's taken me fifty years, but I've come to realise I'm not the only pebble on the beach: actually, I'm the only sandcastle. But my heart is still young, wild, restless. I'm still crazy after all these years, I still don't want to go to Chelsea and I can't git no na na na na na naaah sat-is-fac-shunn. On balmy summer nights, I sleep beneath the stars in my yurt, happy at 50 that I don't care a fig what other people think. Just so long as they realise I'm truly liberated and liberating, loving and lovely, mild and mellow, super and duper, home and away, cheese and onion, smokey and bacon, still the same old Bel who passionately *cares* what other people think, bless 'em.

"Doctor, I keep getting these stabbing pains in my back"

Subjects are listed alphabetically in the index. This is not always straightforward, for example: Local History will be listed as History, local; Chinese Cookery as Cookery, Chinese Tap Dancing as Dancing, Tap and Cake Decorating is shown under Cookery.

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Good Book Guide

Literary Review

Men writing badly

Sex, Power and Travel: Ten Years of Arena

Dylan Jones (Ed.)
(Virgin, £9.99)

THERE is, God knows, a wide enough range of unenviable destinies in this wicked world of ours, but *please* mother don't send me away to be a journalist on a men's magazine.

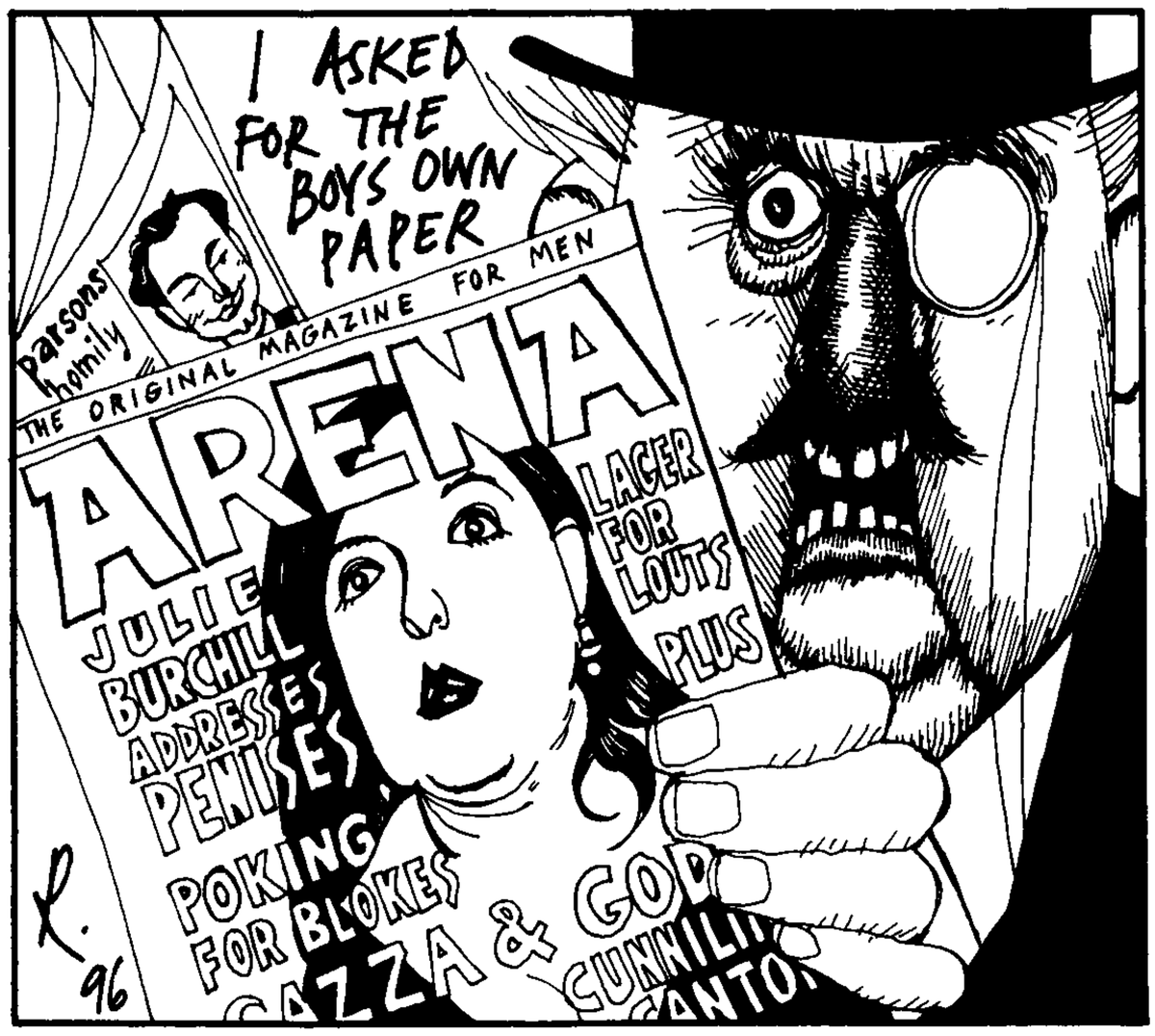
And why not, boy o'mine? Well, for a start I've got a degree. And I listened to all those Steely Dan records years ago. Oh, and my hand isn't steady enough to draw all these clitoral maps, or work the tape recorder while another thick sportsperson proses on about his drink problem. And...

The men's magazine has been around for quite a while. When did it start? Back in the nineteenth century they had brave scandal sheets like the *Raff's Journal* and *The Larky Swell*. The introduction to this grabbag of goodies from *Arena* mentions a 1960s item called *Town*, but the men's magazine of the post-war era most people will remember is *Lilliput*, in which a decorously-posed photo of one of Miss Phyllis Dixie's artistes introduced a selection of innocuous and none-too badly written "male interest" stuff.

The modern brand of men's magazine, needless to say, is a rather different animal. Essentially it grew out of the superior rock journalism for grown-ups purveyed by late 70s music mags like *New Musical Express* and *Sounds*. You don't believe me? Well, *Sex, Power And Travel* (where do they get these titles, eh?) harbours contributions from at least five ex-*NME* stalwarts (Julie Burchill, Tony Parsons, Neil Spencer, Barney Hoskyns and Ian Penman), not to mention the former *Sounds* alumnus Jon Savage, all of whom cut their teeth in the glory days of 70s punk rock. Come the 80s, though, the hip young gunslingers of the music press realised there wasn't nearly enough space in their Siouxsie and the Banshees reviews for brainy musings on Kierkegaard and, uh, "culture" (for which read "style"): Nick Logan left the *NME* to found *The Face*, and the end result, give or take a few articles about porn, football and cunnilingus, was the modern men's magazine.

This is *Arena*'s tenth anniversary, and smugness is in the air. Inaccurate smugness, too. Among several fearless acts of cultural flagposting, the boys claim to have invented the "New Lad" back in 1991 and thus to have been "partly responsible for the birth of such media monsters as *loaded* and *Men Behaving Badly*". The latter is pushing it a bit, as I seem to recall Simon Nye's original novel, which gave rise to the TV series, being published in mid-1989.

As for what follows, well, we all know how dreary broadsheet journalism can be when assembled in book form, but, oh dear me, think what 300 pages of men's magazine excerpts look like given the same treatment. It wasn't very good at the time; imagine what it reads like now.



Jon Savage gets deadly serious over the arresting topic of "Three Decades of Advertising to Men"; Stuart Cosgrove chirps on about the Professional Cockney; Ms Burchill addresses penises; and Tony Parsons and Suzanne Moore conduct a factitious debate about female drunkenness. Nadir is reached in a clutch of literary "parodies", in which Parsons does the business on "Martin Aimless" ("Darren Spendex knew instantly his father had been shagging his granny because Dad's cock tasted funny"). Gosh! I should think the "readers" who pore over this kind of junk just roared.

It goes on. The "Why are rock stars so badly dressed?" piece. The interview with David Ginola (headed "Frog on the Tyne", natch — this is a *men's magazine*). Occasionally the slack, oily tide recedes for a second or two and a proper writer emerges. But even Gordon Burn, who files a suitably satirical piece about Mandy Smith, only manages to sound like Amis junior — odd how everything in these boy's own papers comes back to Mart in the end — idling in mid-lane.

Leaving aside the odd, informative public service announcement (Marek Kohn, for instance, on male rape), the distinguishing feature of this collection is callowness. Callow articles about travel. Callow articles about films and their ornaments. Imagine a class-full of Nigel Molesworths suddenly put into long trousers, allowed to talk dirty and introduced to their favourite footballers and rock gods, and you're there. Perhaps the most fatal irony of this despatch from the front line of bloke culture is that the two or three decent half-decent articles in it are by women.

Books & Bookmen

☐ WAY back in March Bookworm opined that Graham Swift should win the Booker this year with his admirable *Last Orders*. And there it is on the shortlist of six titles chosen by Carmen "Virago" Callil and her judicial cronies: austere, fashionable Jonathan Coe; A.L. ("don't call me Alison") Kennedy; Ian Jack, famous reader of fiction; and A.N. ("Annie") Wislon.

The shortlist is the most sensible in years, which is probably why it's received so little publicity. In addition to Swift, there's the statutory Scot (Shena Mackay); the statutory Irishman (Seamus Deane); the statutory Commonwealth person (the wildly fashionable Margaret Atwood, who should be runner-up); the statutory black man (Rohinton Mistry); and the statutory mad old English bat who everyone secretly hopes will win (Beryl Bainbridge).

■ EDDIE BELL is having breakfast again over in Hammersmith, where HarpicCollins staff have been circularised about the return of these early power meetings:

"The main aim of the meeting is so that you can meet Eddie Bell and discuss over Breakfast any questions you might have regarding the overall company objectives or any opinions you would like to put forward which you feel may add value to the business.

"The Breakfast Meetings will be held quarterly with the first one taking place on 23rd October. If you are interested in attending please forward your name to Human Resources."

No joke, any of this. If anyone thought the objective of the company was to publish good books maybe they should sign up for a free breakfast.

☐ THE paperback edition of *Taking Apart The Poco Poco* by Richard Francis, published by Fourth Estate, carries the smug note that it won the 1995 Portico Prize.

The prize, worth £2,500, is awarded by the Portico Library of Manchester, a private members' library in the bomb-torn city centre where the librarian is one Jo Francis, wife of the eminent prize-winning novelist, er, Richard Francis.

■ RUMBLINGS of discontent are sounding from the few remaining staff at Guinness Publishing Ltd, best known for its *Guinness Book of Records*.

Norris McWhirter has now left the company to set up on his own — just the latest departing face from the original editorial team since Michael Feldman and Ian Castello-Cortes became joint publishing directors.

The pair joined Guinness after sending a speculative CV advertising themselves as multi-media experts. Guinness, keen to keep up with technological innovations, took them on. The pair had just left Attica, which went into liquidation a month later.

Since the beginning of the year there has been an 85 per cent turnover of staff at Guinness Publishing — everyone from the editor, Peter Matthews, to the tea lady has left the job. The book has been offered to W.H. Smith at a huge discount of 62 per cent and the print run has been increased from 300,000 to 500,000 this year.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE! I FEEL ASHAMED TO BE A PUBLISHER!
FERGIE HER SECRET LIFE
THE DUCHESS OF YORK UNCENSORED
ANOTHER FERGIE BOOK
WHY HAVEN'T WE GOT A FERGIE BOOK OUT?

footnotes

LET US SPRAY

DEVOTEES of the Scott inquiry will know by heart the time-honoured response of British ministries, especially the ministry of defence, when confronted by an embarrassing question.

1) Lie.

2) Only admit your lie when you know it's going to be rumbled.

3) Er...

4) That's it.

This is still the fashion after Scott. A perfect example is the recent admission by the minister of state for the armed forces, Nicholas Soames, and his under-secretary in the Lords, the Earl of Howe, that highly toxic organo-phosphorus pesticides were widely used on British troops in the Gulf War.

1) THE LIES

In November 1994, Paul Tyler, Liberal Democrat MP for North Cornwall, asked the MoD how many British troops were exposed to organo-phosphorus pesticides in the Gulf. Soames's answer was specific. "Ten." These ten, he said, were sent to spray down a group of Iraqi prisoners of war. The following month, parrot-like, Lord Howe gave the same answer in the House of Lords to the Countess of Mar. When the countess repeated the question in June this year, the noble earl gave her the same answer.

FOR 10 READ 10,000: Fatty Soames MP

2) THE RUMBLING

A few weeks after Howe's answer this June, Dr Goran Jamal, a Kurdish consultant in Glasgow who specialises in illnesses caused by organo-phosphates, went to the MoD and said he'd seen the ministry's own documents which showed quite clearly that organo-phosphate insecticides were widely used in the Gulf, and that not 10 but *thousands* of soldiers were affected. Chief among these documents was a copy of an official report by Staff Sergeant Anthony Worthington, of the fifth armoured ambulance brigade, dated 31 March 1991, soon after the Gulf war.

Para 19b was headed "Propoxur and Fenitrothion (an organo-phosphate)". It disclosed: "The insecticide containers often arrived at the forward locations damaged and leaking..."

Another report by the staff sergeant said that on 22 February 1991 "stocks of Fenitrothion insecticide had become deplenished... chemicals written in Arabic were forwarded for our use... instructions received from EHO Captain Lennard stipulated that the compound was blattanex insecticide [not an organo-phosphate]." After this was liberally sprayed, however, many troops, including the staff sergeant himself, became ill. "I made the decision as section commander to bury the remaining insecticide. I have now discovered this chemical was neocidal dip which contains diazinon" — a highly toxic organo-phosphate of the type often used in sheep-dipping. Another note from the sergeant reported: "Mainly organo-phosphorus insecticide utilised. Unfortunately no personal protective equipment was available owing to 4th Armoured Brigade deploying to theatre without its hygiene sections equipment."

LORD WHO?: The Earl Howe

What made these reports especially embarrassing for the ministry was a written commendation, again on 31 March 1991, from the sergeant's commanding officer, Lt Col B.K. Reece-Russell: "Sergeant Worthington and his team did an excellent job and should be congratulated on a task well done."

3) THE RETRACTIONS

Once it was clear that these documents would soon be published, the game was up. On 4 October, Nicholas Soames wrote to Paul Tyler to "correct" (contradict) what he had said in 1994. Lord Howe wrote an even more grovelling apology to the Countess of Mar. "Organo-phosphates pesticides," wrote Fatty Soames, "were used more widely in the Gulf than we had previously been led to believe." How did he know? Well, there had been a "review" of "the records". There was no explanation why these "records" had not been "reviewed" before the first lot of tosh was dished up by the ministry in 1994. As the Countess of Mar tells the *Eye*: "I knew perfectly well in 1994 that these OPs were being used as insecticides — how didn't the ministry know?" It did know, of course, but it wasn't saying so until it had to.

BRITISH AIRWAYS — A SHAREHOLDERS' DEMOCRACY

FROM the recent annual report and accounts of British Airways:

Size of shareholding	Percentage of shareholders	Percentage of shares
1-1000	91.01	6.51
Over 1,000,000	0.05	65.02

Investors in harassment

■ INVESTORS in People, which dishes out meaningless awards from Training and Enterprise Councils to top companies, keeps running into difficulties. One of the early awards "for investment in the development of people" went to De Vere Hotels. The group has just lost an employment tribunal case brought by two waitresses who complained that they were racially and sexually abused at a Round Table function "entertained" by Bernard Manning in one of the firm's hotels.

Coroner's caught

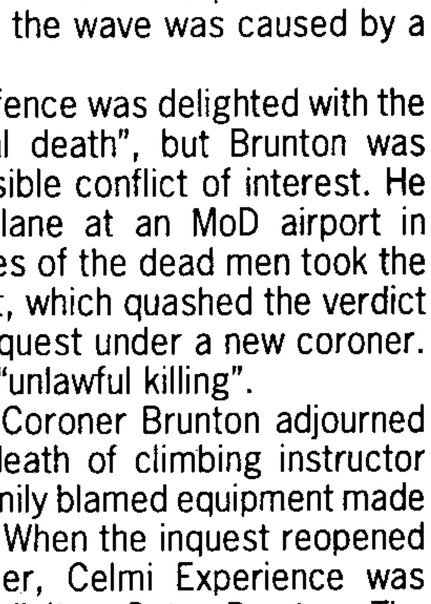
■ HER Majesty's coroners are appointed by councils — but who disciplines them if they go wrong? It is a question often asked in West Wales where coroner Peter Brunton, a solicitor, is in trouble again.

In 1989, at an inquest into the deaths of three men killed when a giant wave engulfed the fishing boat Inspire, Brunton ruled out expert evidence which suggested that the wave was caused by a submarine.

The ministry of defence was delighted with the verdict of "accidental death", but Brunton was criticised over a possible conflict of interest. He parked his private plane at an MoD airport in Aberporth. The families of the dead men took the case to the high court, which quashed the verdict and ordered a new inquest under a new coroner. The new verdict was "unlawful killing".

In the same year Coroner Brunton adjourned an inquest into the death of climbing instructor Jeremy Turner. His family blamed equipment made by Celmi Experience. When the inquest reopened under another coroner, Celmi Experience was represented by its solicitor: Peter Brunton. The verdict was "accidental death". Geoffrey Turner, the dead man's father, took the case to the high court, which ordered another inquest. The new jury brought in an open verdict. The Turners' barrister, Alun Jones QC, denounced Brunton for "a blatant conflict of interest".

Now the solicitors' disciplinary tribunal has fined Brunton £5,000 after hearing the strange case of Malvina Passmore's will. The elderly lady lodged a will leaving £10,000 to Sandra Davies, the secretary of her solicitor, Peter Brunton, and the residue of her estate to Peter Brunton and Sandra Davies. Neither Brunton nor his secretary had observed the rule that legacies to a solicitor from a client must first be cleared with another solicitor.



CORONER BRUNTON

So who disciplines coroners? The lord chancellor's office told the *Eye*: "That has nothing to do with us. Try the home office." The home office says: "Disciplining coroners is a matter for the lord chancellor's office." Is that clear?

Judge Dreadful

IF ANYONE seriously believes the court of appeal has reformed itself since the dark days of the Birmingham Six and Bridgewater Four, they should study the amazing and unreported case of Tony Stock.

Stock was convicted 26 years ago, in July 1970, of a robbery of a Tesco store in Leeds. He was arrested because police thought he looked like an identikit picture drawn up by a witness who had caught a glimpse of one of the robbers as they threatened him with an iron bar.

The witness then identified Stock in a confrontation on his doorstep arranged by Leeds police. This "identification", plus incriminating "verbals" alleged by the high-flying Leeds police officer in charge of the case, Det Sgt John Mather (but totally denied by Stock), made up the whole prosecution case. Stock was convicted and sent to prison for 10 years.

Bitterly protesting his innocence he went on a three-month hunger strike. He was released in 1975. In the 20 years since, he has never been in any trouble. Not so Det Sgt Mather. In 1972 he stood trial for taking a £50 bribe. He was acquitted, but not before he had admitted lying to his senior officers. He then faced 90 disciplinary charges, most of them for referring prisoners to the same solicitor. Before the charges could be heard, the sergeant retired.

In the summer of 1978 police arrested Samuel Benefield, a prominent member of the 'Thursday gang', which had stolen £2.5 million in a series of robberies all over the country. Benefield agreed to act as supergrass. He gave evidence in 15 big robbery trials, in all of which the defendants were convicted. He was perhaps the most trustworthy supergrass in British criminal history.

ENTER THE THURSDAY GANG

In one interview, in November 1978, he told interrogators: "I've just remembered another job, ages ago, in Leeds. We did the day's takings from a supermarket." Bit by bit, Benefield remembered a series of accurate details about the Tesco robbery in 1970.

It was a wet night, he remembered. The robbers used pacamacs. He disclosed how much was stolen; the make of the getaway car; the dumping of a suitcase in some water by the roadside after the gang left Leeds; even the fact that *War and Peace* was showing, in Russian, at the cinema near the robbed supermarket. He named the three other robbers: Knight, Bobrow, Khan, and the driver, Sims. The police keenly added the Tesco robbery to the list of Benefield's robberies for which he was convicted and sent down for five years. They were less keen when they discovered that someone else had been convicted for the Leeds robbery — Tony Stock — and that Benefield had never seen nor heard of Tony Stock in his life.

LORD JUSTICE JUDGE

When Tony Stock heard of Benefield's evidence, he rejoiced. At last the real robbers were identified and he would be cleared. Fifteen years later, in 1993, the home secretary finally referred the case to the court of appeal. It was heard there earlier this year by Lord Justice Judge, and Messrs Justice Mantell and Thomas. The ageing supergrass Samuel Benefield was brought to court in a convoy of armoured police cars and gave evidence from behind a screen. He stuck rigidly to his story. He repeated on oath that he'd taken part in the Leeds robbery and Tony Stock had not.

On 15 July, Lord Justice Judge read out his judgment. The evidence against Stock at the original trial was, in his view, first class. The momentary glimpse lasting two to three seconds on a dark, wet night by which the witness had identified Stock was described by their lordships as "a short but significant opportunity to observe his assailant". Sergeant Mather, who had admitted lying and faced 90 disciplinary charges which were never heard, was "innocent in law".

What about Benefield? How could he possibly have known so much about the robbery if he did not take part in it? The court came up with an ingenious answer. "Knowledge of these details," said the judges, "is consistent with recital of details provided for the witness by someone else." Someone, their lordships guessed, had told Benefield all about the robbery so he could pretend he took part in it with others and thus exculpate Tony Stock. The judges surmised that Stock or some (unknown) agent of his had contacted (unknown) members of the 'Thursday gang' in some (unknown) prison, and given them details of the robbery so they could pretend to the police that he was not there.

For this fantastic hypothesis the judges produced not a single shred of evidence. Stock had never been in prison with Benefield or any of the named accomplices. There was no evidence of any other connection between Stock and the four named robbers. Nor could the judges suggest a conceivable reason why Benefield, whose evidence had been so reliable so often, should tell a completely false story on behalf of someone he'd never met or heard of, and risk appalling danger and a perjury charge to repeat it on oath.

The judges dismissed Benefield's evidence and the appeal. So another obviously unsafe conviction stands. Lord Justice Judge can add Stock to the long line of innocent people whose wrongful convictions he has sought or confirmed.

For many years, as Igor Judge QC, he was the chief prosecutor in the Midlands. In 1979, he prosecuted the four men convicted of the killing of the newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater — a case recently reopened for a second time.

JUDGE FOR JUDGE!

In 1987-88, he was the obvious man to represent the crown when the case of the Birmingham Six was first referred to the court of appeal by the home secretary. Judge energetically assisted Lord Chief Justice Lane and his brothers to their historic conclusion that all the new witnesses who pointed to the innocence of the six were liars, while those who pointed to their guilt were paragons of truth. Almost at once, Igor Judge QC became a high court judge. Three years later, the Birmingham Six were finally cleared.

In March 1990, Hassan Khan was released by the court of appeal after his conviction for a robbery was quashed. He said the proceedings in his original trial had "rubberstamped the whole process" of police perjury. The name of the judge in that case was not widely published: Mr Justice Judge. This year, he was promoted again — to Lord Justice — and is now one of the most senior judges in the land.

***DISMAYED:** Tony Stock*

"GONE TO AUCKLAND, BACK SOON": Lawrie Haynes

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

■ CHANCELLOR Kenneth Clarke's brave warning against tax cuts made good conference rhetoric — but of course he is preparing substantial tax concessions in his pre-election budget.

The public spending cuts necessary for this largesse are causing distress, however, at the Highways Agency, where vital road projects are constantly being cancelled. Recently a constituent of Nicholas Winterton, the Tory MP for Macclesfield, sent him a typical complaint about dreadful roads.

Winterton passed the letter on to the Highways Agency, whose chief executive, Lawrie Haynes, his assistant and two board members were on a freebie studying the "use of network performance indicators" in New Zealand. An insubordinate subordinate dashed off an answer to Winterton, which broke all precedent by telling the truth.

There were "insufficient funds" to carry out the most basic road maintenance by "strengthening overlay". Many roads would have to be entirely reconstructed in five to ten years' time, which will cost "three times as much" as the overlay. The letter was unwittingly signed by personnel officer Ken Wyatt, (pp Lawrie Haynes) and it caused a bit of a storm. Patrick Brown, permanent secretary of the department of transport, is still trying to discover the culprit at the agency who so recklessly dared to tell an MP the truth.

When the cheeky letter was published in *New Civil Engineer*, it drew an interesting response from a Mr Ian Wood of Nuneaton, who said he came from the "sharp end of highway and bridge maintenance". He wrote: "The current situation in highway maintenance is nothing short of disgraceful with a huge and increasingly expensive backlog of problems being stored up for the next government. It seems clear that this is being done in order to help finance an autumn tax handout and help make future spending statistics look favourable to the present government."

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

AFTER some 15 months (and possibly £1 million) the great Anglia Television insider-dealer hunt is finally over. Once again the official verdict is that, er, nobody is guilty.

In August key figures in the Department of Timidity & Inaction's long-running second investigation were officially informed that the inquiry had closed, that the inspectors had submitted their report and that no action was to be taken. This unsurprising decision was based on "the inspectors' conclusions and present information".

Whether that means there could be a third bite at the Anglia apple if new information — a confession? Ha! ha! — emerges, remains to be seen. But the chances are slim to nonexistent — and Slim just left town.

It seems that 40 to 60 witnesses may have been seen, mostly under oath; that large numbers of diaries, bank and telephone records have been examined. But at the end of a very long day the DTI has come up empty a second time. Just as it did when it examined Lord Archer's two share deals making £80,000 for his Kurdish friend Broosk Saib and decided that the circumstantial evidence was insufficient to justify a prosecution. The major problem that time was that the great storyteller denied he had any inside information and nobody could prove that he did.

However, what has emerged is that second time around the inspectors appear to have carried out a wide-ranging inquiry into suspect share deals in Anglia ahead of the bid from MAI in January 1994. For DTI sources have admitted that the inspectors' investigations were focused on "several" individuals and "a number" of transactions. Hardly surprising as there was clear evidence of a "leak" with the Anglia share price rising remorselessly in the four weeks before the bid from 378p to 483p as buying responded to progress in the bid negotiations.

The investigation was initially relaunched in May 1995 by the then trade secretary Michael Heseltine (no Archer fan) after disclosures about telephone calls between Archer, whose wife Mary was an Anglia director, and former James Capel broker Karen Morgan Thomas, who bought 10,000 Anglia shares two weeks before the MAI bid was announced making a £22,000 profit. Morgan Thomas denied discussing Anglia with Archer and said she bought the shares on the basis of a newspaper tip. The inspectors would appear to have accepted her explanation following an extensive investigation into not just Morgan Thomas but also a large number of people she knew and with whom she worked.

The DTI inspectors then appear to have moved on to examine a large number of people connected with the advisers involved in the bid — the usual source of most "leaks". It now emerges their inquiries were not limited to MAI's brokers Smith New Court. The inspectors have probed for connections with named individuals at N.M. Rothschild, who also advised MAI, as well as Anglia's adviser S.G. Warburg. They were also interested in certain individuals at NatWest Markets.

But once again the inquiries would seem to have led nowhere. So after being interviewed by the DTI, Broosk Saib's friend at Smith New Court, analyst Mark Davies Jones, now at Salomon Brothers, and former SNC director Jeremy Tulk-Hart, who denied receiving or making any calls to Archer's office, are free to resume their careers. A result that no doubt pleases former chairman Sir Michael Richardson, who always protested SNC's innocence.

So once more a DTI investigation into undoubted insider dealing has run into the sand despite "several" people being suspected of enjoying profits of up to £1 million.

A PATTERN is starting to emerge from the Luxembourg mist behind which Peter "Polaroid" Young poured £180 million of Morgan Grenfell clients' money into a collection of weird and not particularly wonderful companies.

The pattern connects Young to a number of City players (who either favoured the same stocks or ended up profiting from Young's bizarre investments) and to companies in which he invested.

The links are to brokers at Fiba Nordic Securities and the Swedish house Carnegie, as well as possibly to fund managers such as Stephen Bamford, late of GFM International Investors, who, like Young, favoured high risk situations such as Princess Resources, Xavier Corp., Solv-Ex and Ashurst Technology (né Emtech) plus directors in Ashurst/Emtech and Xavier. It is entirely possible the following connections are not only completely innocent but totally coincidental.

In December 1995 Young was at the centre of a deal which raised some $20 million for Xavier which is producing oil in Siberia. The deal was structured in a complex and curious way. Morgan Grenfell loaned £14 million to D. Carnegie AB via a two-year debenture. Carnegie then loaned on virtually the same amount in kroner to Xavier on a two-year unsecured note. The note was to be repaid plus interest by the taking up of warrants to shares in Xavier issued to Russ Oil & Technology, which Young controlled. Russ Oil could have received any profit on the Xavier shares come 1997.

A Xavier non-executive director is American businessman Benton Wilcoxon, who just happens also to be chief executive of Ashurst/Emtech, a Bermuda company doing business with Ukraine in which Young invested $13 million in April 1995. In February this year Young, via Fiba, invested another $17 million in convertible debentures. Fiba placed $5 million of the debentures with specially created Luxembourg brass plate company Litia Produktion, which enabled Young to hide that he had taken the whole issue.

The largest Ashurst shareholder in May this year with 15 percent was GFM, the London arm of the giant American insurance group Metropolitan Life. GFM was founded and run by Stephen Bamford in London.

The former chairman and chief executive of Ashurst/Emtech until November last year was American, Jacob Elkin. He is chairman of another Bermuda based company, Isleinvest. In January this year Young facilitated an Isleinvest deal which was a mirror image of the Xavier transaction.

Young's European Growth Trust invested £3.8 million in a two-year convertible bond issued by Carnegie, which has an operation in London. Carnegie promptly loaned a similar amount in kroner to Isleinvest which in turn issued a batch of warrants to, yes, Russ Oil, that on conversion into shares would largely repay the loan. Once again Russ Oil would have been sitting on any profit on the Isleinvest shares.

Now Isleinvest was a company into Hawaiian real estate. But it decided that part of the bond proceeds should be invested in gold exploration. So in March the company invested some $800,000 in Solv-Ex, the oil and alumina but not gold from tar sands operation much loved by "Polaroid". Strangely Isleinvest appears to have paid $20 a share on a day when the market price was nearer $12. By another remarkable coincidence, in April GFM's Stephen Bamford resigned to join Isleinvest.

Solv-Ex, like Russ Oil, is the heart of Young's suspected criminality. An American listed company operating in Canada, it had no place in Young's two European funds. Which explains why he hid his $70 million stake in two Luxembourg letter boxes which were supposedly German companies.

In December 1995 Solv-Ex was in a cash crisis. Its chairman had to lend the company $1 million. Within two months Fiba "clients" (Young) had pumped in $9 million followed by another $31 million a month later, at $15-$19 and $28.

Within days of that deal the Solv-Ex price, which had risen from $3 to $38, crashed to $6 on news that the FBI and the Securities & Exchange Commission were probing a possible Mafia linked share ramp. Despite such bad news Young and Fiba, which could have earned up to $7 million in fees from the three deals, went ahead in April with a $33 million bond investment with a conversion price of $32.50! Solv-Ex are now around $13.

No doubt all of these deals are pure coincidence and all those involved had no idea that what Young did was not authorised.

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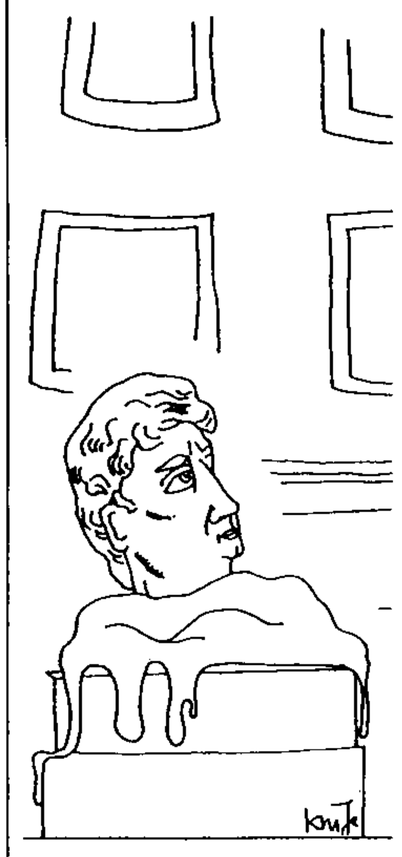

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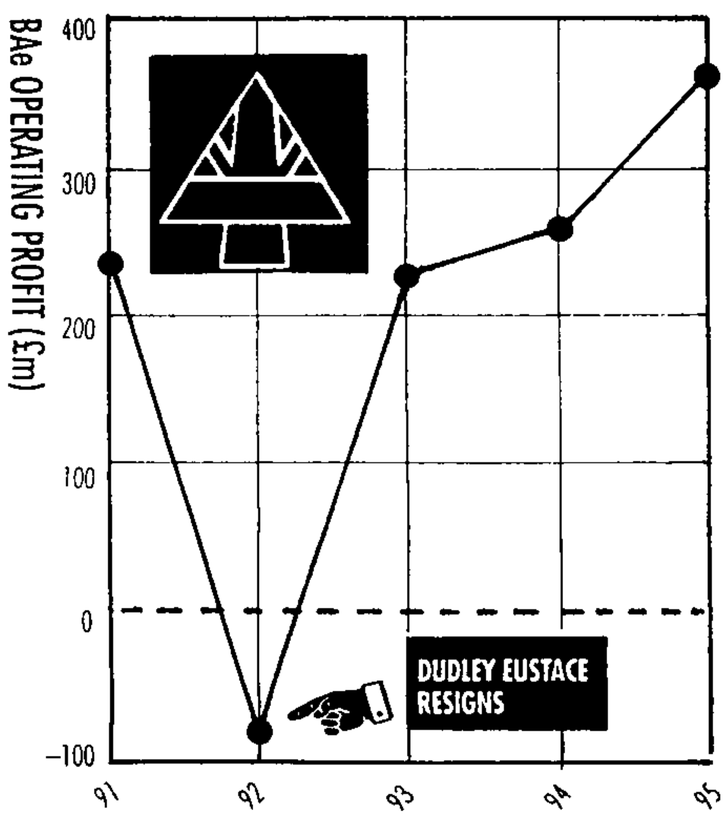

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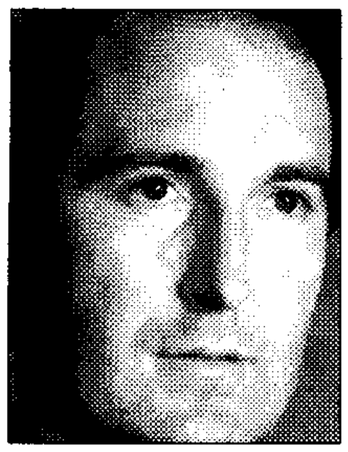

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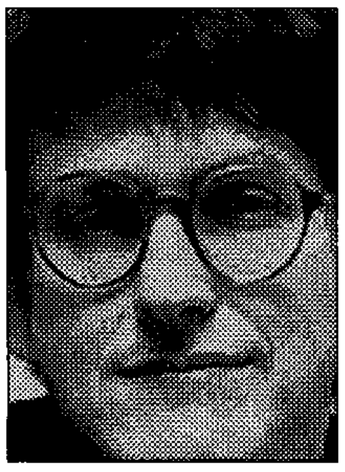

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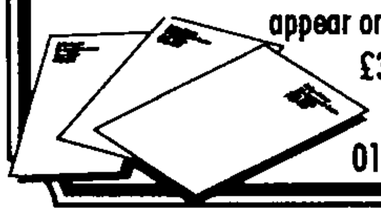

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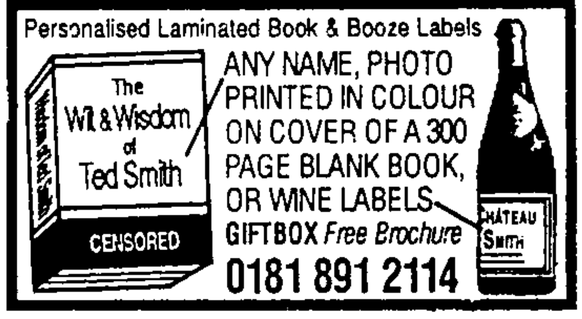

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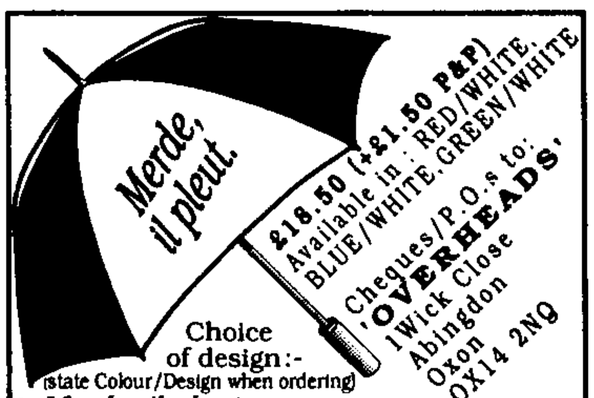

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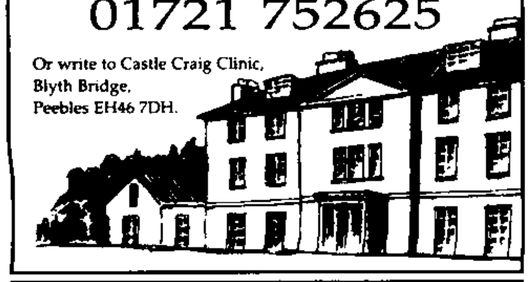

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SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 30.

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FOOLISH AND EXPLOITED young man requires £15,000. Thank you. NatWest 60-12-39, Account number 87049767 or Box 0109.

TWO EX-SERVICEMEN, with frustrating lack of funds for a genius business opportunity: Benefactors repaid later. Please help. Box 0209.

DONATIONS NEEDED to open healing sanctuary. Please help. Account No 00987611 20-82-14 Barclays.

DETERMINED YOUNG FEMALE lumberjack, lock-keeper, model and jockey needs funding to take off on a flying career. Training costs £40,000 — Pisser! Box 0309.

NURSE IN DEEP DEBT — two children. Desperate. AC 00123341 83-21-27 Royal Bank Scotland. Thanks.

LAST RESORT for £1000, please help. Box 0409.

ONE LARGE BAD DEBT giving small business serious problems. Bank won't help. Please will you? Lloyds Sort 30-93-82. A/c 0000329.

PLEASE HELP — intelligent lady, alone, on brink of going under. Trying hard not to. Anything appreciated. Box 0509.

WIDOWED FATHER — three young children, urgently needs £4,200 to avoid repossession. Grateful thanks. TSB A/c 01893160, Sort 77-66-50.

DESPERATE SINGLE MUM needs £10,000 to save home. Any contributions welcome. Bank 90-21-00, A/c 15399595. Please help!

I HAVE TERRORISING neighbours. I have negative equity. I have Multiple Sclerosis. I need £40,000 to move. Britannia S/Code 57-13-27. A/c 069150514.

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QUALIFIED THERAPIST working on rejuvenation therapy needs sponsorship. 01392 499725.

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PLEASE HELP! Donations needed to buy a farm with land for sick and abandoned animals. Please hurry — winter coming soon. Nationwide Sort 07-01-16. Account 14796839.

HELP MOTHER of two toddlers, no income support, humanitarian and survival reasons. Abbey National Direct, 090126 30271433.

UNEMPLOYED SOLICITOR requires donations for free Legal Advice service. Tel: 01656 652843. D. Jones.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS of GOD, help finance OUR FATHER'S HOUSE and lot. Abbey National Direct, R14467709PAC.

HELP! — Need £6000 to keep head above water. Box 0709.

ZOOLOGY PhD student pregnant, needs cash. Family can't help. Box 2909.

SON 3YRS DIED — cancer, traumatic struggle. Lost job, now working — finances messy. Require £10,000 interest free loan. Sincere request. Barclays 80404292, Sort 20-50-82.

DESPERATE MUM — any donations. Box 3109.

LOAN: UK LAWYER desired for divorce in Cayman Islands. Box 3209 or fax 001 809 9476178.

YOUNG WOMAN NEEDS £5,000 to escape sadness and heartache. Please help. 40-47-83, 31208470.

FILM MAKERS REQUIRE £1000 to complete project. All offers considered. Write for information. Box 3309.

KNOWLEDGEABLE, RELIABLE professional couple need to spend more time gathering evidence to ban fox-hunting. Generous benefactors needed. Telephone: 0850 882630.

LADY URGENTLY NEEDS funds to compete in round world yacht race. All donations gratefully received. Publicity if needed. Box 0207.

DONATIONS WELCOME for stray cats and dogs home. Lloyds Account 30-13-53, Account Number 0264759.

MAXWELL PENSION Victim. Help! Woolwich Account 01485452, 10-80-02.

DESPERATE, PLEASE help. NatWest 04720237, 60-05-16.

RESEARCH GRADUATE needs £10,000 to kick-start futuristic computer project. Every little counts. Bank 16-10-28, A/c 20133622. Thank you.

KIND, CARING, sincere, prof male, 30, needs £6,000 in return for lifelong friendship. Box 0407.

EX-MUSE NEEDS a £6,000 miracle for drama school fees. Thank you.

DISABLED, SPINAL TRAUMA as paratrooper, fighting war pension rejection, funds needed. Box 0308.

GOOD CLARINET — Please! Tel: 0181 488 9493.

FILM MAKER SEEKS modest funding for film about Bosnians. Tel/fax 0171 627 1857.

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YOUNG ARMY OFFICER in Bosnia would like female correspondence and photographs, with view to meeting on return to UK. Box 1009.

BORED IN BOS — serving builder, 28, seeks gorgeous, literate pen-pal. Box 3409.

JACK RABBIT, 49, seeks bunny girl 30+ for weekday fun. East Midlands 01636 77500.

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THE WIT OF SHERRIN, charm of Dettori, passion of Beatty, wallet of Rockefeller — impossible! Prove this buxom brunette (29) wrong! Photo. Thames Valley/London. Box 1109.

HELP! JUST DIVORCED male (42) intelligent attractive tall funny kind seeks friendly imaginative female for sensual relationship. Sussex or near. Box 1209.

CAN'T GET ME no satisfaction! Assistance required. 25/30 year old babe sought for 32 year old single chap. Box 2309.

SEEKING VOLUPTUOUS high-heeled sexy lady by divorced mid-forties attractive man for mutually enjoyable times, good food, old movies and much more. Must be romantic, tactile, warm, adventurous. Box 1309.

SINGLE FEMALE, 40, been flying solo for too long seeks male co-pilot. Lancs/Cheshire. Box 1409.

SATYR SEEKS nymph for three or four weeks in India early next year. All expenses paid. Box 1509.

SORRY!
We are unable to include all the EYE LOVE ADS in this issue due to lack of space

UNFULFILLED ATTACHED male seeks female counterpart (40-55) for sexual stimulation. ALA. Box 1609.

HAPPILY DIVORCED 46 year old businessman finds singles scene very boring. Looking for an honest no commitment relationship most probably suit tied lady 35-45. I have GSOH. Enjoy good dinners, good conversation and a lot more. Box 2108.

OFFBEAT MANAGING director seeks bright girlfriend to mix business with pleasure. 0171 792 8825 or Box 3706.

REASONABLY BRIGHT, nice, cultured, solvent but lonely single man, 52, belatedly seeking Ms Right. London. Box 2408.

FEMALE, 30, usual favourable attributes seeks witty, pragmatic, good-natured bloke for a medley of activities. Box 2609.

TALL, SENSITIVE, professional male, thirties, attached but lonely, seeks warmth and affection from caring female (London). Box 2608.

THREE ATTRACTIVE, single, thirty-something professional females seek amusing male companions for fun nights out in London. We are planning a Christmas party too... write for an invite! Photos please. Box 1709.

TALL, RICH, charming liar seeks shameless bimbo. Box 1809.

BUSINESSMAN, solvent, good-looking, early forties, almost happily married, seeks mutual fulfilment in uncomplicated longterm loving sex-filled relationship with understanding female 18-38. Smoker preferred. London, South East. Box 1909.

WITTY, UNATTACHED, golfing pal sought by lovely lass, 30. Box 2009.

OXBRIDGE MALE graduate, 26, 5'11", living in London seeks nice female to go to pubs, restaurants, cinema and theatre with. Box 2508.

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BROADCASTING COMPLAINTS COMMISSION

In December 1994, Central Television broadcast a programme in the Cook Report series called Bad Medicine. It set out to highlight the activities of "quacks cashing in on the hopes and fears of cancer patients". According to the programme, one of the people investigated appeared to offer magnetotherapy as a cancer treatment. During the programme she was shown apparently offering a magnetotherapy machine for sale to an undercover researcher. A photograph of a magnetotherapy machine was also shown, the machine being one manufactured and sold by a Danish company. Mr Erik Nielsen, the company's general manager, complained through Mr Coghill of Coghill Research Laboratories to the Broadcasting Complaints Commission that the programme had unfairly suggested that his machine was dangerous and that magnetotherapy had no beneficial aspects.

The Commission consider that the programme's unqualified use, albeit fleetingly, of the phrase "extremely dangerous" — notwithstanding its statement that magnetotherapy "may have some legitimate uses" — can hardly have been less than detrimental to Mr Nielsen. There was therefore some unfairness to him in this respect. That said, the Commission note that the programme did not refer to Mr Nielsen by name and did not suggest that Mr Nielsen himself had made any claims that his machine could cure cancer. They can understand Mr Nielsen's objection to one medical expert's statement that "there is no evidence whatsoever that electromagnetic field therapy is therapy for anything". This was, however, the contributor's own opinion about magnetotherapy in general and the Commission find no unfairness to Mr Nielsen in that respect.

You can get a copy of the full adjudication by sending a stamped addressed envelope to: Broadcasting Complaints Commission, 7 The Sanctuary, London SW1P 3JS.

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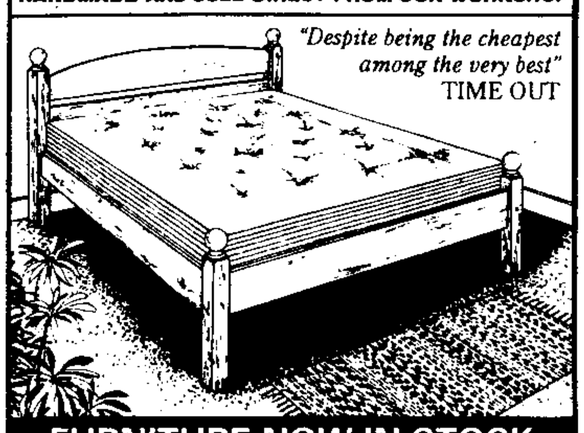

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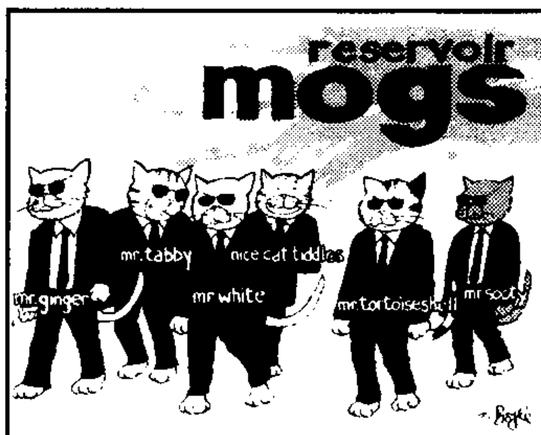

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O Levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒
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University / Professional Equivalent ❒
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4. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

❒ Affectionate ❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious ❒ Practical
❒ Considerate ❒ Conventional
❒ Shy ❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic ❒ Adventurous

5. Your Attitudes

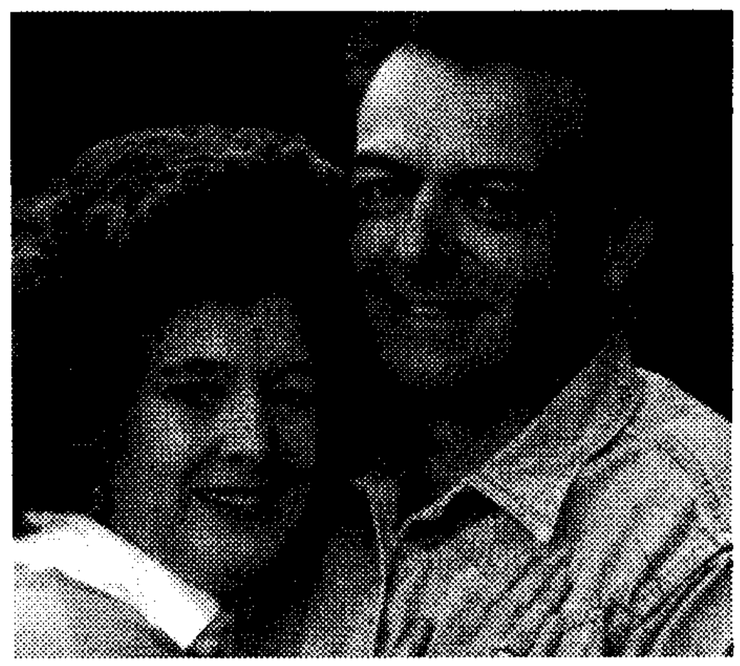
(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank if you don't feel strongly)

❒ Do you prefer town life?
❒ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
❒ Do you have many friends of your own sex?
❒ Are you interested in current affairs?
❒ Are you looking for one special relationship?
❒ Do you like team activities?
❒ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
❒ Do you feel resentful when forced to act quickly?
❒ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
❒ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

6. Your interests

(sections 6. and 7. Please tick for a liking, cross for a dislike or leave blank for no pref.)

❒ Wining/Dining ❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs ❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit ❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Entertaining ❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading ❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling ❒ Mixing with friends
❒ Walking ❒ Children
❒ Cinema ❒ D.I.Y. / Crafts
❒ Pets/Animals ❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music ❒ Sightseeing



7. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:_____ Maximum age:_____
Height: min._____ max._____ Don't mind ❒
Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒
Widowed ❒ Separated ❒
Don't mind ❒
Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒
Attractiveness:
Very attractive ❒ Attractive ❒ Average ❒

Dept. PE 57

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL *or call us now on (01869) 324 100*

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